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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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COME TO THE FOOTIE!

NEARLY every winter there comes a certain lovely Saturday when all the morning everybody, like the baker and the man mowing the lawn next door and the girl from the laundry, has been telling me "It's too good to be inside."

This truth finally penetrating I decide I simply must get in the sun that afternoon. But where?

What with the general Saturday morning air of hurry-up and the boy over the road washing his car, I feel it will not be enough merely taking the darning out on the back verandah.

Then the Good Companion dashes in and says to put a jerk in that lunch, he's meeting Old Harry for the footie.

"I think I'll come with you," I say brightly.

"Eh? What? Oh, look here, darling. You don't really want to go to the football, do you?"

Make each day look brighter



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I droop the lower lip and say about being left alone last Saturday when he went fishing, and how I haven't been outside the house for a week.

"O.K. O.K. Come by all means. But you're not really interested in football, you know."

"It's just the outing, really. Besides, I do like football. I've always enjoyed the spectacle of great hulking men hurling themselves about with abandon."

"Not with abandon, precious. With intent to kick or kill!"

"Goodness. How dramatic! Well, how about you washing up while I get ready?"

"What do you want to change for? You're all right as you are."

Poor, unimaginative male. "Don't be silly, darling." I rebuke him with finality, and an hour later we set off.

Old Harry is still waiting at the tram stop, and there is some word about keeping an eye out for Old George at the ground.

Never the twin—

FOR years now, on any occasion I've gone to the football with Bill, we've been keeping these eyes out for odd acquaintances. Actually we have never once met up with one of them.

At this point I make some intelligent queries, and learn North Whatewood are playing South Whotown, but what makes it very confusing is that they are never again referred to by these names, becoming "The Tigers," "The Blues," "The Old Team," "The Woodmen," "Stripes," or whatever whimsicality takes the boys' fancy.

Old Harry is one of those men who always has tickets, no matter what the choice of entertainment. We are therefore obliged to find a gate labelled "Visiting Members" at least a mile from where the tram stops.

I argue reasonably, why not just pay and simply walk into the gate right here, but am told rather shortly not to be silly, darling, and we hike off.

The sun shines brightly and the grass of the oval is gaily green, so, of course, I am against going up in the stuffy old stand, and choose to stay out in the lovely fresh air. I select a grassy knoll for us to stand on. "We'll have a lovely view from here," I carol blithely.

The men exchange glances. Ten minutes later all I can see is the backs of men's necks. And to a neck they are all in need of rehabilitation. A hair-cut, a brush-up, or a nice warm wash.

I murmur about the necks to Bill, who grunts, "Never mind the necks. Keep your eye on the ball."

It would seem then the game has commenced. By dint of rising on my toes, cracking my shoes across the instep, and craning my neck, I can see through a space between two heads a tiny section of green grass. Across this occasionally dashes a small body of men.



"Quarter-time."

"Bill. I'm cold!"

"Well, you would stand. Have a hot-dog."

But I am not yet down to that level.

The game recommences, I see even less of it now. My feet have gone to sleep.

Another break arrives, and I say I'm ready for a cup of tea. I am informed tea is not the mode in the football fraternity.

An enormous red-faced man pushes a box of incredible-looking oranges under my nose, and announces in a hoarse bellow, "Ere yare, lovely sweet navel."

I don't think there's anything quite so uncomfortable as the freezing stickiness of a too-juley orange that won't peel properly.

I start moaning again about the cold, and Bill relents and we go up into the stand, squeezing ourselves into seats we have no right to, and gazing stolidly ahead with glassy eyes when people coming back with pies and things give us murderous looks.

It is not over-pleasant in the stand, either. I see a little more, but when the game is on again people are continually leaping to their feet and other people behind them snarl at them to "Siddown in front." A badly aimed bag of damp banana skins falls on my head.

Bill and Harry continue to enjoy themselves, calling on the players to "Come on" or "Lie down," or beseeching the world at large to "Clamp on 'is form!"

I begin to feel that fresh air is definitely overrated. I mutter, "I wish I was sitting by the fire with a mountain of hot buttered toast," but that is lost on Bill and Harry, who have joined with the rest of the world in a tremendous "Boo!"

The object boo-ed is a particularly inoffensive little man I have marked for my own, because he has a large hole in his sock, which appeals to me as pathetic.

"What's wrong with my little man? Some wretch has knocked him over!"

"A foul," Bill says shortly. "Little So-and-so."

"Ought to be rubbed out for life," Harry adds.

"That'll set him back a few matches."

A bull-necked creature on my right leans across to Bill and violently disagrees with him. Bill replies holly, and Harry and another man join in. Bull-neck suggests he push Bill's face in.

I feel frightful. It is the most awful oogy-oog moment. Fortunately something on the field takes their attention and I sigh with relief and steal a glance at Bill. He is grinning from ear to ear, obviously enjoying himself immensely.

At three-quarter time I say maybe I will have one of those hot things just to keep my hands warm. But they are all gone.

Later still I murmur wistfully couldn't we go home, and to my surprise Bill agrees and says it's all over bar the shouting and we may as well get away before the crowd.

Peculiarly enough, just as we get to our feet the crowd makes the same decision. Galloping down the home street and thinking desperately of some way to warm up the cold joint we pass Mrs. Next-door at her front gate.

"Been out?" she calls with that obviousness common in neighbors who know your every move.

"The football," I reply, smiling with the indulgent superiority of one who has been to a children's party.

"I don't blame you. Such a lovely day. Too good to be inside!"

By
JEANNE
MULLINS



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BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU





Second Childhood

The cause of science, he found, can land you in some very awkward spots

by
PARKE CUMMINGS

—a Mrs. McElduff—had what he considered a normal two-year-old child. Dean, if that kid is normal, I'd hate—

"Just stick to your narrative, Slater. What was the child's name?"

"Tommy. Bah!"

"Calm down, Slater. Now you met him yesterday morning, didn't you? After breakfast?"

"No, sir. Not after breakfast. The stipulation was that I was to start in as soon as Tommy woke up. This meant I had to have breakfast with him."

"I see. So what time did you get to his house?"

"At five-thirty. Tommy is a very early riser. It was dark when I got up, and I had to walk nearly a mile to the McElduff house without any breakfast. When I got there, Mrs. McElduff said, 'Tommy has already been up a quarter of an hour, but we won't count that.'"

"Whereupon, I presume, you met Tommy?"

"Yes. Tommy and I had breakfast."

"Of what did it consist?"

"Orange juice with fish oil in it—"

"And what else?"

"Very hard toast, cereal without sugar, and a soft-boiled egg without salt."

"You ate everything?"

"Well, I ate everything that Tommy did. Everything but the toast."

"What did you do with that?"

"I threw it at Mrs. McElduff."

"What! Why did you do that?"

"Because that's what Tommy did."

"Oh. I see. What else did you do?"

"I took my spoon, dipped it in egg and rubbed egg all over the front of my clothes."

"What?"

"That's what Tommy did."

"It seems to me this was hardly necessary, Slater."

"Look here, Dean, and get this straight: You're about the tenth person who has said, 'It seems to me that was hardly necessary, Slater' or else, 'Why did you do that?'—that's what the police sergeant said—and I'm sick of it. Professor Hegelberg said he couldn't be there to check my actions until after lunch, and he put me strictly on my honor to do exactly what that kid did and no questions asked. When somebody puts me on my honor, I don't stop at technicalities or eut corners."

"Go on with the story. What happened after the egg episode?"

"I got spanked."

"What! Who spanked you?"

"Mrs. McElduff. She had already spanked Tommy, and I pointed out that she would therefore have to spank me as part of the test to see how I stood up under punishment."

"How did you survive it?"

"Well enough. The pants of my new suit were pretty thick at that point."

"You're squirming and scratching worse than ever, Slater. What did Tommy do next?"

"We climbed up the front stairs



With a satisfied smile, Margaret watched Slater's latest exploit.

and then came down bumpedy-bump, sitting down, just as fast as we could. You know how children do, sir."

"I do. How many times was this repeated?"

"Twenty-four."

"That tired you?"

"Well, it kind of softened me up. I used to take a good many bumps on the gridiron and in the ring, but as a rule opponents didn't concentrate on that particular—"

"I understand. Now then, what happened next?"

"Well, we were just about to bump downstairs again when Tommy suddenly seemed to get a bright idea. His face lit up, he said something that sounded like 'ahmog' and started toddling down the upper hallway."

"And you?"

"I toddled after him, of course. Near the end of the hall he opened a door and entered a room. It was pretty dark inside, but I saw him rush into the room and leap on to a bed."

"Yes?"

"Well, naturally, sir, I rushed in and leaped, too, and there was a piercing scream and somebody slapped my face and said, 'Help! Get out of here! Police!'"

"Who was it that screamed?"

"It was Mrs. McElduff's younger sister, who was visiting her. A Miss Margaret Spencer. That's what Tommy was trying to say, 'Aunt Margaret.'"

"Did you get a good look at the lady at this time?"

"I did not! I beat it out of the room quick."

"Quickly. But you were later introduced under more formal circumstances?"

"Yes—about three hours later when Mar—Miss Spencer arose. In the meantime, Mrs. McElduff had tried to explain everything to her."

"This made the young lady see things in a different light, Slater?"

"Not at first. She was very cold and snuffy, and said I probably enjoyed working my way through medical school by jumping on ladies' beds. Now that was very unfair, Dean Grayson."

"Don't get so indignant. Tell me what took place between the bed-jumping episode and the time you met Miss Spencer officially."

"Well, for one thing I ran."

"You ran? Where?"

"Oh, no place in particular. Just back and forth in the yard. Fetching toys from one place and putting them somewhere else—and then fetching them somewhere else—and then—"

"I get the drift. You mean Tommy didn't get tired?"

"Oh, no, Dean. He did get tired—definitely. In one hour and thirty-seven minutes."

"Then what happened?"

"He sat down in his sandpile, and I did likewise. It had rained the previous night, and the sand was quite damp."

"You mean you permitted the child, in a heated condition after all that running, to sit down in a cold, damp sandpile, and then emulated him? I can't believe it!"

"Yes, but remember that my agreement with Professor Hegelberg was that I was to copy the child, not discipline or restrain him. In fact, if I only permitted him to do the relatively sedentary things an adult does, that would have destroyed the whole point of the test because—"

Please turn to page 4

"All right, Slater. You may sit down. At least I'm glad you're on time for your appointment; that's one thing in your favor."

"Yes, sir."

"In this chair here. Good heavens, how did you ever get all those scratches on your face?"

"Well, I—"

"Sit down, Slater. Didn't you hear me? What earthly objection can you have to that chair? What's the matter with the back of your head? Why is it bandaged?"

"Ah-choo! Well, it's part of—ah-choo!"

"And you're getting a cold, too. Is there anything else wrong with you?"

"Well, Dean, my stomach doesn't feel so good."

"It doesn't, eh? . . . Goodness, Slater, can't you sit still? Why do you have to squirm round like a two-year-old child?"

"Don't say 'two-year-old-child' to me, or—"

"Frankly, you're one of the last students I'd have expected to interview under such unfortunate circumstances."

"Ah-choo! Yes, sir, but—"

"Stop that squirming and scratching! Do you have to scratch yourself like that? Where was I? Oh, yes. As I was saying, I never expected to see you here. You've had a good record since you entered medical school, and you'll be in a position to render valuable service to the Armed Forces when you go with them. I mean if—"

"Sir, I was just a sap to let myself be sucked into—"

"Never mind—and please try to stop that squirming. As I was saying, you've demonstrated that your scholastic ability in graduate school is fully equal to the notable athletic skill you exhibited when you were in college."

"Thank you. I didn't know you followed sports."

"Oh, yes. I'm quite aware you were an All-American tackle, a heavyweight boxer, and a baseball and basketball champion. In fact, I happen to know that you are the second twelve-letter man in the college's history."

"That's right, Dean. Me and Frog Grayson."

"H-r-r-r-umph!"

"That guy was—hey! Well, I'll be—"

"You mean that was you, Dean? They always call you Dean J. Chauncey Grayson and I never—"

"I warn you, Slater, that the fact that we both formerly enjoyed some proficiency at sports will have no bearing on whether you are to continue as a student in good standing in this institution or be summarily dismissed."

"Dean, I can explain everything if you will only stop talk—er, I mean if you don't mind listening."

"Well, I have an appointment at eleven o'clock."

"I'll make it as fast as I can. It's all on account of Professor Hegelberg. I'm taking a course under Professor Hegelberg. He's an authority on the relation of energy to nutrition—and also on the correlation of energy at different age levels. Lately he's been doing a lot of speculating on the energy of the average young child—say in the vicinity of two years old—and he wondered how an adult would hold out."

"How do you mean, hold out?"

"It was like this, sir. Professor Hegelberg wondered how tired an adult would be if he followed a two-year-old child for an entire day and did absolutely everything the child did. He thought it might give science some new slants on energy and diet. And that's where I came in."

"Why you, Slater? Are you particularly fond of two-year-old children?"

"I'm not fond of two-year-old children. I mean the professor thought it would be best if he could get somebody in pretty fair physical condition."

"Well, you volunteered for the job?"

"I was talked into it. He said any research along those lines might prove helpful to the war effort, and besides he said his department would pay me twenty-five dollars."

"Go on with your story."

"So I accepted the offer, and the professor said he was sending me to a friend's house, because this friend

Second Childhood

Continued from page 3

"YES, I follow your reasoning, Slater. You needn't elaborate. You spoke of adults doing 'relatively sedentary' things. Am I to take it you found this test strenuous?"

"Dean Grayson, it wasn't yet eight o'clock in the morning, and I was already looking back with longing to that game two years ago where Notre Dame was hammering at us inside our ten-yard line practically the entire afternoon. It seemed restful when I looked back at it."

"I presume the sandpile episode caused your cold."

"Ah-choo! You presume right. Also my eye trouble."

"You'll have to explain that."

"Tommy threw quite a few handfuls of sand at my eyes from very close range, and I think some of the grains of sand scratched my eyeballs."

"What did you do?"

"I threw sand back at him."

"What effect did this have?"

"He laughed fit to kill, and threw more at me. This time I swallowed some of it."

"Ah! That accounts for your stomach ache."

"No. I think it was the worms."

"Worms?"

"After Tommy got tired of playing in the sandpile, he moved over on to the grass and ate about half a dozen good-sized earthworms that the rains had brought to the surface."

"What!"

"Yes, I ate worm for worm with him, and Dean, I want to tell you I don't think I could even look at spaghetti again without turning green."

"How about Tommy? Did the worms make him sick?"

"No. In fact, they seemed to revive him and give him more energy. He ran again for another half-hour after he'd finished them."

"You, too, Slater?"

"I did the best I could, although he lapped me once or twice. Eating those worms apparently affected my wind."

"What happened next?"

"I received these scratches on my face."

"—and ears. I was wondering about that. What caused them?"

"Picking up a cat by its tail."

"That episode seems sufficiently

clarified, Slater. Soon after that, I presume, you met Miss Spencer in the orthodox fashion, and she made that remark—ha!—er, about your working your way through medical school?"

"That's right. It made me pretty angry to have her regard me as a moron."

"You mean you failed to make her see things from your viewpoint?"

"Well, perhaps I'm not doing her justice. Mrs. McElduff's explanations about what I was doing didn't seem to carry much weight with her, but finally I got to some explaining on my own hook, and I felt I was getting somewhere. But then something suddenly went wrong."

"What?"

"Tommy kicked her in the shin."

"Then what occurred?"

"I kicked her in the shin, too."

"Slater, you didn't! But I suppose she didn't mind inasmuch as you had now fully explained the circumstances?"

"Wrong, Dean Grayson. She got madder than ever."

"Did she retaliate by kicking you back?"

"Nope. For a minute she didn't do a thing except just stand there and look me over from head to foot. After she had looked at me for several minutes, she glanced at her wrist-watch and said, 'Well, it's time for us to go.'"

"What did she mean by that?"

"I immediately asked her, and she said, 'Time for Tommy to go to the park.' So I had to go, too."

"What happened when you got to the park?"

"There were a good many mud puddles where we entered, and Tommy stepped in several of them without seeing them, so I stepped in them, too. Then he deliberately jumped into the next one as hard as he could."

"You don't need to tell me, Slater. You did it, too."

"That's right. And in jumping in the puddle I sort of spattered Margaret's dress, and that made her madder than ever. That's where things really began to go bad."

"They don't seem to have been

entirely favorable up to that point, but go on. What happened next?"

"We walked—in fact, I sort of ran and waited for Tommy and Margaret to catch up with me—to another part of the park, and I was relieved to see there were no mud puddles. I was beginning to breathe easier when Tommy happened to meet another boy he often plays with in the park. Ugh!"

"Why are you shuddering? Was this child worse than Tommy?"

"I wouldn't know—although I doubt it. His nurse was with him. I saw Margaret lean down and whisper something in Tommy's ear, and then you can imagine my horror, Dean—Tommy suddenly crawled up on the bench where Miss Finnerly—that's the nurse's name—was sitting, threw his arms round her neck, and kissed her!"

"Now Slater, you didn't—"

"I did, sir. I smacked her right on the kisser—I mean on the mouth. And Margaret just stood by with a satisfied smile."

"What happened?"

"Miss Finnerly struggled, hit me with her umbrella, and yelled, 'The Fiend! Help! Police! It's The Fiend!' and then I felt a terrific blow on the back of my head—where it's bandaged—and then everything went blank; and when I woke up I was in the police station surrounded by a lot of cops and plainclothesmen, and, just as I told you, they kept saying, 'Why did you do this?' 'Why did you do that?'"

"And you?"

"Well, I kept explaining just as I've been trying to explain to you, although I do have to admit, Dean, they did have some reason to think—"

"I agree, Slater."

"And I explained the charge about accosting women, but they were very stubborn about that, and so was Miss Finnerly who came along to prefer charges. Some terrible things have happened in the park lately, and the police have been on the lookout for a man known as The Fiend who—"

"I've read about that. But they finally did release you—as I deduce from your presence here, among other things. How did that come about?"

"Oh, that was on account of Margaret. When I was arrested, she immediately took Tommy home, and then she fetched Professor Hegelberg so he could explain in detail. But by this time the damage had already been done. The reporters had got hold of the story. And it certainly hurt me with my friends and classmates, too. They called me a heel, and said I ought to be ashamed of myself for getting drunk and probably getting kicked out of medical school just before graduation and—"

"We've been through all that, Slater. Kindly stop interrupting me. It seems to me it was pretty decent of Professor Hegelberg to go down to the police station and explain things. But what puzzles me is that immediately afterwards, according to his accusation, you pushed and shoved him roughly, and then shook—"

"I almost took a punch at him,

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"I wonder how the marines get through this stuff."

but I got control of myself just in time."

"But it seems to me you should have thanked him for getting you released."

"I did thank him, Dean Grayson. I thanked him heartily."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that thanks were unnecessary, because he hadn't done it as a favor. He said he just did it so that I could get back to the McElduffs and resume imitating Tommy, so the experiment wouldn't be ruined."

"I see. That was when you handled him roughly."

"Yes, sir. I told him that if he ever mentioned that child's name to me again I'd—"

"Never mind. . . . Hm. . . . Well."

"I've been thinking over the whole situation as you've recounted it, Slater. There are some very bad features. You've brought much unfavorable notoriety to yourself and the medical school. On the other hand, although it was your conscientiousness and literal-minded adherence to specifications that led to most of your trouble, that same conscientiousness has given you an enviable record in the medical school, where your marks have been among the highest on record. I, therefore, will regard the circumstances as extenuating and—"

"Oh, boy, you mean I don't get the heave-ho?—I mean, I don't get expelled?"

"That's right. I shall forgo giving you what you picturesquely style the heave-ho. It seems to me that you have already taken enough punishment."

"Boy, Dean, I just can't thank you enough!"

"Ahem! However, there is another circumstance which—er—might in part explain my lenient attitude. This picture here on my desk—"

"Oh! Help! What's—what's that?"

"Slater! Must you shudder like that? It's not a king cobra—merely a photograph of my young son, J. Chauncey Grayson, jun. He is two years old."

"Oh. I see. Well—I mean—er well, it's a nice picture, isn't it?"

"Yes, Slater. It was taken when he was in a particularly good mood. He had just mashed my thumb with a hammer, torn up twenty-seven dollars worth of hints curtains, eaten sixty-two points of raton stamps, and put our car temporarily out of commission by inserting sand in the gas tank. He felt perfectly swell. Good-day, Slater—and my recommendation is that before you resume studying for your final examinations, you spend as much time as you can possibly spare, resting up at the infirmary."

"That's exact—sn-n-off!—that's exactly what I was figuring on, sir. Good day. Ah-choo!"

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WISH ME GOOD-BYE

True love is life's most precious possession after all, Tip learned

AFTER all, you only get married once in your life," I told mother. "I mean, I know as it happens you've done it before, but you're not really likely to go and do it again, are you, mother, and what I mean, in these days presents do count."

Mother looked up from the letter she was writing. "As one with a wedding behind her, Tip," she answered, "I assure you that in the little matter of gifts you only get good ones from the people you like, anyway."

"Well," I said, "anyway, I think you should do the thing properly. Don't you want to have bridesmaids and everything?"

"Look—whose wedding is this, Tip?" inquired Dr. Elsom, who just before this had come in.

I said: "Well, don't fool yourself it's yours, anyway! In weddings it's always—the woman who counts. And honestly, Dr. Elsom, you should think of that. Mother can't be all drapery and sweeping if you don't wear tails. And just this once I think you should think of mother a bit—"

Dr. Elsom retorted maddeningly: "We have decided we want everything very quiet—exceedingly quiet, Tip. It's what happens when you get to being our age."

"Well, all I know is," I said, "that me, I'll be different."

Mother and Dr. Elsom are getting married (if I say it as shouldn't) directly due to me. As a matter of fact, Johnny Elsom and I arranged it, to save our parents from unions worse than death. Mother might have gone and married our bank manager, and a fiendish spinster was angling for Johnny's paps, and when you consider it Johnny and I'd got to live with them, which gave us, we felt, a say in the matter, too. So Johnny and I did a lot of throwing together (which wasn't too difficult as we live next door), and it came off, but also caught Johnny and me, scriot. We'd always been pretty well sworn enemies, previously. Sworn enemies certainly isn't what we are now.

But mother and Dr. Elsom don't know much about this, being just for the moment so engrossed in themselves. I'm only seventeen, and Johnny has only just started to train in the R.A.P. I'm filling in time by nursing.

But at least we'd got this wedding to look forward to. If all it was going to mean was a couple of aunts as guests—Auntie Angele and Mary, who are both mother's sisters—and some leave for Johnny and something like it for me, as I'd saved up my off time from our cottage hospital to make a week-end that really was a week-end.

Being away from a person does funny things to you. I knew this the minute Johnny got off the train and came walking up the platform and put an arm round me and bent his head and kissed me, and it was different from ever, ever before.

Johnny said: "You look nice. You look kind of thin and brown, like a cinnamon biscuit."

I kept hold of his hand. "Come on," I said, "there's the bus."

But Johnny pulled on my hand and kept me standing there. "No," he said. "If you don't mind, Tip, let's walk. It's too nice an evening to be fugged up in a bus."

I think I knew then; anyway, looking back afterwards, that was the moment, I told myself, when I knew. We got rid of Johnny's "junk" and started walking, and it was funny; this walk we'd done tons

of times was suddenly new to both of us, and different.

We got to the edge of the wood, and beyond it a cornfield dipped like a singing sea of gold. Johnny jumped the stile. As I straddled the top, Johnny said: "Let's stop a bit."

So I sat, and Johnny stood leaning against the stile.

"How long have you got—a forty-eight?" I asked.

He didn't answer at once. Then he said: "A week," while he looked away from me.

"Johnny!" I said. "Not—not embarkation leave?"

Then he turned round. "I wasn't going to tell you. I'm not going to tell the parents. Not, at least, yet—until we've got them off and properly married—"

"Johnny," I said. "You weren't going to tell me?"—in an angry voice that wasn't what I felt really. "You were going to let me quarrel and argue and just—just go on as if this was an ordinary leave?"

"Yes," Johnny said. "That's what I was going to do."

"If you had," I said. "I'd never have forgiven you. To have you—to have you remembering me that way, bad-tempered and bossy and idiotic and quarrelsome."

"That's the way I'll remember you, Tip," Johnny said, "anyway." He looked awfully worried, and then he went on suddenly: "I wish I didn't love you so. It's a nuisance."

I smoothed his hair. "Don't ever," I said, "dare wish that. A week is long enough," I said, "to get married."

Johnny looked so startled that it was easy to laugh.

"Married," I said. "It's what people do—remember?"

Johnny laughed too. "Tip," he said, "don't say anything. Not right away. To my dad or your mother, either. I don't want to muck up their getting married."

"But why should it muck—"

"It will," Johnny said. "You know it."

"You think they'll say no?"

"No, I don't," Johnny said. "If I did I wouldn't feel so—well, sort of responsible. Tip, this sounds silly, but try to see what I mean. If either of us had heavy mothers or fathers who forbade things, that would make it so much easier. But both of them are—well, Tip, such decent aunts, that they'll simply say: 'It's your life—and then worry.'"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Isn't it our life?"

"Yes, it is," Johnny said, "but tomorrow they're getting married."

"We've got a week. They've got the rest of time."

"I know," Johnny said. "But please, Tip, promise—don't say anything. Don't say a word to anyone. Not yet."

"But why are you going away?"

I started suddenly, because it was easier to argue about something else. "What good are you when you're not even trained properly?"

"None at all," Johnny said. "I'm going away to be trained."

"But I thought they'd stopped sending people."

"So they have, largely. It happens I'm one of the ones who still get sent."

I didn't answer. Johnny took up my hand and turned it over, and lifted the fingers gently.

"Like my hands, Johnny?" I suddenly started to say. "The trouble I've taken not to get them dishpan. I—"



"A week is long enough," Tip said, "to get married."

Aunt Mary, but she's more like me; my kind; if anything, tougher.

She's terribly smart and enamelled, and she never cares what people say,

and she doesn't think much of marriage or love or anything, and she's always got simply scads and scads of men, and, just then, Aunt Angele was the one I wanted.

Aunt Mary and mother were gossiping over tea, all quiet and cosy, and somehow I couldn't stand it.

I banged about and went to my room eventually, because I simply couldn't go on sitting there watching Aunt Mary, who's so sweet and such a darling, and exactly what I won't—won't ever be.

Aunt Mary's never married. She's the one in our family who looks after other people's births, deaths, and marriages. You know how there's always one like her in a family.

I came down to supper, and there was Dr. Elsom, and Johnny behind him, somehow avoiding my eyes.

They sat there, looking so safe and easy and happy, and it wasn't that I didn't want them to be, but it somehow made all the other things feel so much worse.

The telephone rang. "I'll go," I said. "It's for me."

I didn't think that it was, but it got me away from them to get a hold of my face and—especially—my voice.

It was Aunt Angele.

"Tip, dear, explain. I can't make it. I'm terribly sorry to miss all this family do, but I'm all tied up—"

I could hear some music playing. "Where are you, Aunt Angele?" I said.

There was a tiny pause on the telephone. "Well, if you must know, my child, I'm at the Grand, hitting

a high spot or two; but don't tell your mother. Give her the message. Business. I got kept."

"All right. I will."

Then suddenly I felt better, with a picture of Aunt Angele before my eyes, dressed up to the nines, with some frightfully distinguished, devoted man, and unrationed everything, and soft lights, sweet music, and orchids by the yard.

"Tell them I'll come—without fail—by midday to-morrow. I won't be late for the wedding."

"You'd better not be! It's kind of important."

"Look, Tip—"

But the pips went and somebody said: "Three minutes," and there was a click and we had got cut off. So I went back and gave Aunt Angele's message. "It's a man!" mother said to Aunt Mary. "What'll you bet?"

I got up in such a hurry I knocked my glass over. "Look, Johnny," I said, "let's—let's go and dance somewhere, shall we? They've got a dance at the George at Pawley to-night."

Johnny looked up in surprise. "I'm—I'm game, Tip."

I said to mother: "You don't mind if we go?"

"Don't be silly. Go and have fun."

And Dr. Elsom said: "Have this on me, will you?" and felt in his wallet and took out a couple of quid and chucked them across the table to Johnny. And I turned away because I couldn't bear it, the bilthe assumption that we were a couple of kids, sent off with the cash to have a good time together.

Johnny went red; but I don't know if that's the way he felt.

We didn't talk much at the George, but we danced every dance.

Then they played all the awful tunes—the ones that make you want to weep in your lemonade, when you feel that way. They'd started "Here You Are" when Johnny said: "Let's get out of this, Tip." I got my coat quickly and found Johnny looking grim and waiting outside.

Please turn to page 28

By LYN ARNOLD

wouldn't hear. But mother said: "Oh, darling—must you?"

And Aunt Mary said: "Tip, my dear—what's upset you?" looking at me in the short-sighted way she has that sees at least twice as much as other people. I mumbled, I couldn't bear anyone being kind.

I said: "Where's Aunt Angele?" to make conversation.

Aunt Mary said: "She telegraphed she'd be late. She'll catch the last train, she says, if it's humanly possible."

Mother laughed at Aunt Mary. "How like Angele!"

Mother and aunt then exchanged sisterly glances; and I wished very hard for Aunt Angele to come here. She isn't as nice as mother or as

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INSERTED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BOARD

ALIAS THE KILLER

LIKE most nicknames, this one was born of spontaneity and would not have survived the Italian front after Dennis Carr left there on a stretcher had it not been for the combat correspondent who used it in a story.

That story told the world how Dennis (Killer) Carr had won the D.S.C. for defending a position in the west end of Cassino so recklessly that he had, in one afternoon, killed twenty-one Germans by the actual count of his superior officer.

Denny didn't know about the dispatch until Nora Marin enclosed the clipping in a letter while he was in the hospital, but when he came home with a patched-up knee that was deemed serviceable enough for a detective in the police department, if not for the Army, he understood how the nickname had preceded him.

To Denny Carr it did not matter whether someone called him "Butch," or "Killer," or simply, "Hi," so long as it was friendly.

It had been like that until two nights ago when he had shot and killed Leo Aranson in the back room of a River Street tavern. Since then, since yesterday morning and McQuillen's piece in the paper the name had a new and ugly significance.

McQuillen had played it up big. Killer Carr Does It Again, is what the piece said; Slain Suspect Another Notch for Detective's Gun. McQuillen had said, and down at the bottom of the column he reported that Alderman Zeigler would demand a full and open inquiry.

Now, with the late afternoon sun prying at the shades of the district attorney's office, the inquiry was nearly over. The witnesses—the bartender from the tavern and two men who had been customers at the time—had been excused. Alderman Zeigler, a cousin of Aranson, was shaking his finger at Braim, the district attorney.

"Knowing this man is a hero," he said, "and got decorated for killing a lot of Germans, has got nothing to do with the murder of Leo Aranson. The fact is, no matter how you try to explain it, no gun was found, and I say Leo Aranson did not have a gun."

Braim glanced at Commissioner Cleary and Captain Hague. He sighed and his voice was patient.

"We've gone over all that, Mr. Zeigler."

"Furthermore," Zeigler said, "this man is an expert pistol shot. You won the police medal before you went to war, didn't you?" he said to Carr. "Yet in this little room—by your own story you were not over fifteen feet from Aranson—you were not satisfied to wound or cripple him, you shot to kill. At the heart."

Denny Carr tried to be as patient as Braim. "No," he said. "I told you what I did." And he explained again what had happened.

The affair had started out as a routine check-up. The Aranson brothers—Leo and Nate—who, in a period since they had been expelled from school, had been charged with everything from petty larceny to

murder and convicted but once, were wanted for questioning in connection with the fatal shooting of a policeman named McCarthy, who had frustrated the attempted robbery of a wholesale liquor house.

A few nights later, in the guarded, anonymous manner of most tips, a telephone call came to Denny Carr's home. Because it was late and he did not want to bother Tom Linehan, his partner and a family man, he walked alone into this River Street tavern, glanced at the customers at the bar and, without asking questions, continued to a closed door at the rear.

What happened when he opened that door was clear in a general sort of way, but it was so swiftly done that some of the details were lost.

Of these facts he was sure: There had been three men in the room, two standing near a door leading to the alley, and one sitting down within recognition range of the room's single light. This man was Leo Aranson and he jumped up and, ignoring Denny's command, reached into his pocket, backing into the shadows as he did so.

By this time the alley door was open and Denny had no time to stop the two who darted through, for Leo Aranson's arm was moving upward, and Denny knew the blur of glistering metal in the hand was a gun.

He saw then what he had to do, and aimed at the upper arm, an easy shot, and squeezed the trigger, and it was in that split instant that Aranson, unaccountably, tried to twist aside. Denny knew as the shot hammered through the room that he had not hit the arm, but there was nothing to be done about that now, and when Aranson fell Denny went swiftly past and through the door.

Footsteps rapped faintly in the alley and he ran after them, seeing nothing in the blackness, yet knowing somehow that the two men had split, that one of them was Nate Aranson. He knew, too, that the man he now pursued had too great a start, but he kept on blindly, until he saw his chase was hopeless.

Leo Aranson was still alive when Denny Carr re-entered the back room. The door to the bar was closed, and he stopped to look for the gun before he went out, and

there was no gun on Aranson, or under him, or anywhere in the room. The customers and the bartender watched him as he came out. They said no one had come from that room since he had first entered it.

Now, when Denny came out of the district attorney's office, the reporters and photographers covering the inquiry were waiting in the hall. So was Detective Tom Linehan, and that helped a lot, seeing him smile, saying "Let's go."

Denny Carr wanted to duck away from those flash bulbs and cameras. He watched the faces. Three days ago some would have called him Killer and grinned. Now they studied him soberly and wanted a story.

He and Tom pushed on past them, saying they'd have to see the district attorney or the commissioner. He didn't want to tell them that Braim said there was no cause for further action, either by his office or the Grand Jury. He didn't want to talk

By **GEORGE H. COXE**

at all, and they saw this and fell back to wait for official word—all but McQuillen.

McQuillen kept pace, a lean, sardonic man, who had a lingering bitterness in his soul because the armed forces wanted no part of him. "I guess they had to whitewash you," he said. "What else could you do with a hero?"

Denny Carr did not trust himself to answer, but went down the steps, holding himself tightly, a compact, sturdy man with dark eyes that were fixed and brooding.

"Hey, there's Nora," Linehan said. Nora Marin waved to them from her coupe and Linehan steered Denny toward the open door. McQuillen stuck with them.

"It's okay, Miss Marin," he said. "You can relax. Officially the Killer's record is still spotless."

Nora Marin seemed not to hear

**Dramatic
mystery
story**



There were three men in the room when Denny came in—of this he was sure.

"How could it be any other way?" She gave his arm a pat and promptly went back to the kitchen.

Nora said she was positively filthy, and started for the bathroom. Denny sat down and gradually the tension went from him; gradually his mind adjusted itself, and he was grateful for the understanding Tom Linehan and Nora and his mother had shown.

At dinner they talked of Nora's brothers in the Navy and her work at the factory which made portable radios, and presently the meal was over and nothing had been said about the stories McQuillen had written. Denny helped clear the table, and went into the kitchen when the women started the dishes to tell them he was going to the corner for cigarettes. Then, with no warning, his mother said:

"Those stories in the paper won't make any difference, will they, Denny?"

"About what?"

"Well—all that horrid talk about Killer Carr."

She stood with her back to him, and he stared at her, sensing the doubt and uncertainty behind her question.

"Everyone knows that killing all those Germans was something you had to do," she said. "Just like what happened the other night was something that couldn't be helped. But people won't think you're like that, will they? They—don't call you that to your face?"

Denny stood quite still. Exasperation shook him and his throat felt choked and then there was nothing left but dismay and the knowledge that he must control his voice and pretend her fears were groundless.

"A few do," he said, managing a chuckle. "A cop has to expect things like that. You learn to take it."

Please turn to page 36

HE NEARLY MISSED THE BUS—

AT BUS-CONDUCTING—
BILL IS TOPS
(HE HELPS OLD DEARS
AT ALL THE STOPS)

BUT WHEN IT COMES TO
SOMEONE YOUNG
HE'S LOVE, ALAS!
REMAINS UNSUNG

NO ROMANCE-LOVING GIRLS
COULD STAND
CAresses FROM THAT
GRIMY HAND!

A FARE TURNS OUT TO
BE A PAL—
USE SOLVOL, THEN YOU'LL
WIN THE GAL!

**Solvol
shifts grime
faster—**



And Yet I LOVE HER

By ...
DOROTHY BLACK



"Sein Tin!" Nancy called excitedly, as she recognised the young Burman in the rickshaw.

A SHIP'S siren sounded through the hot twilight, above the wall of the saxophones in the Gymkhana Club ballroom. People still danced there from six to eight, though the crowd had thinned out a bit.

Nancy had been fighting against tears, but the ship's siren was the last straw; for it took her into another world, another life. . . . She was back in her home, the roomy bungalow in an English garden on the banks of the Ngawoon River. The manager's house, it was, of the Bussien Rice Company.

Homesickness choked her, and she tried not to remember any more. Tried to listen to Maurice Lanyard, I.C.S., who was talking to her, and probably saying something worth listening to, for he was an able man. But what chance has an able man against a little boy of six?

Dickie! . . . At this hour of the evening he would be out in the garden with his ayah. Minnieyah was surely quite reliable, but you couldn't be certain . . .

She drew in her breath with a sudden sob, and looked anxiously at Maurice Lanyard, hoping he had not noticed. It was the first time she had ever left Dickie alone. It was the old story—a woman torn in two between husband and child.

To-morrow I ought to know, she thought. If Phillip has to have this operation, then Dickie must come round here. I can't leave Phillip.

Her eyes met those of Mara Carey, sitting opposite her in the little group on the Gymkhana Club lawn. Mara was smiling at her, and sudden gratitude welled up in Nancy Dean's heart. In her darkest hour, as so often happens, Fate had sent her out of the blue a marvellous friend.

Mara Carey was dressed as usual, fashionably and expensively. Nancy had often wondered why, when she was so pretty, and obviously so rich,

she had remained so unspoiled, and, in a queer way, humble . . .

Mara heard the ship's siren, too, and it gave her the old heartache again for a moment. About time I got over it, she thought. But she never did. It took her back to the luxury liner her mother had taken her to America on, when she was only seventeen. At the time she had not had a notion why her mother suddenly decided on that lovely trip. Later on she knew it was because of Dan Carey.

That explained the clever stage-managing, the beautiful clothes. But you don't look for ulterior motives at seventeen. Mara just thought her mother wanted to give her a good time.

How nearly all her mother's best-laid schemes had come to nothing. For Peregrine Gairloch, First Officer (the best officer the company had, everyone said), came walking down the boat-deck in his crisp white drill—and walked straight into Mara's heart.

He had remained there ever since, the only man she had ever cared twopence for . . .

A tall man, he had been. Almost ugly, with a face that might easily become cruel. But it was saved by his eyes. Sailor's eyes, humorous and very blue.

On the ship they said he was a hard man—but he hadn't been hard to her. He had been sweet and very gentle. He was the first man who had kissed her. And life had looked to her like a lovely dream, in which she had found her heart's desire.

It seemed just comic now, that she had expected her mother to be pleased! Mrs. Borden put an end to all such nonsense there and then.

"But it's not an idle fancy!" sobbed Mara. "I love him so! I love him so!"

"Twaddle," said her mother gently. "At your age, my pet, you don't

know what love is. Don't for a moment expect me to let you marry a penniless ship's officer. Three weeks from now you will have forgotten all about him."

Dan Carey met them in New York with a car like a self-contained flat. She married him a month later. At seventeen she had not the strength to oppose her mother.

But six years afterwards she still hadn't forgotten Peregrine, nor his face, and the pain in his eyes when she told him. Or the way he had stood, his hands behind him, his face turned away from them, as they drove off in Dan's gorgeous car . . . It sometimes seemed to her now that he stood so in her life for ever—there, but not looking at her.

DAN gave her everything money could buy. When he died, after three years, she had tried very dutifully to be sorry, and not to own, even to herself, the relief of it. As a sort of gesture to Dan, she hadn't contradicted the rumor that Dollie Kenyon had put round Mandalay, that she was a heart-broken widow, travelling to try to forget her sorrow. Since she had planted herself on Dollie at such an awkward moment—just after Pearl Harbor had shaken the world—it seemed a shame to rob her of any thrill she could get from this untimely visit.

"The best thing you can do," Archie Kenyon, Dollie's husband, told her, "is to go home. As soon as possible."

She had come to Rangoon, intending to do that very thing. But in the Minto Mansions Hotel her plans had suddenly changed. Because of little Nancy Dean, so frightened and helpless with her sick husband and her child down in Bassein. For the

first time Mara had been devoutly thankful for Dan's money, because it helped her to do something for someone else.

When Maurice Lanyard rang her up to tell her he had got a passage for her, she refused it.

The voice of the siren died. The Gymkhana dance band played "God Save the King."

Maurice Lanyard stood wondering if it were any good asking Mara to dine with him at the "Silver Grill," but before he could decide whether he would or not, she had slipped an arm protectively round Nancy's waist and taken her off to the car, so that was that.

He went along to the Pegu Club. The commissioner was there, looking grey and anxious.

"I hear the E signal may go up at any time," he said grimly. "Of course there may not be anything in it. But no one seems to know what really is happening."

If the E signal really did go up, it meant instant evacuation of everyone from Rangoon. They had already warned the hospital. It wasn't a very pretty situation. And there was Phillip Dean under observation for appendicitis, and his wife Nancy, torn half between him and her little boy in the Delta. Heaven only knows, thought Maurice, what will happen to the Delta if the balloon goes up.

And there was Mara Carey, beautiful, and with nothing to keep her here in danger, refusing to leave be-

cause of Nancy. Because she felt she might be of use to Nancy . . .

After breakfast next morning Mara went with Nancy to see Phillip in the hospital. The minute she saw his face Mara guessed the news wasn't good.

"Afraid I'm for it, darling," said Phillip, taking Nancy's hand. "This afternoon. Four o'clock. I'm frightfully sorry."

Nancy managed a smile.

"Well, now we know; and you'll be all right. When you wake up I'll be here beside you." Then her smile broke and her lips quivered in spite of herself. She said: "If only Dickie . . ."

"I know. That's what's bothering me. Even if things were settled it wouldn't be wise to leave him there with Minnie . . . And I don't like these rumors at all," he said restlessly. "I heard a chap talking just now . . ."

Nancy turned a sob into a neat little cough. Phillip had quite enough to bother him. He must not be given anything more.

Mara had crossed to the little verandah and stood politely making herself scarce, looking out into the hospital compound.

"Don't worry, darling," Nancy was



Brilliant new serial—the story of a woman's perilous mission and the re-birth of shattered romance.

crowd into the office of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. There a desert of empty desks and overflowing waste-paper baskets surrounded one harassed young Englishman who remained, like the boy on the burning deck, when all but he had fled. He appeared to be tied securely to a telephone into which he said, at intervals, quite hopelessly: "O.K."

While they waited Nancy explained Sein Tin to Mara.

"He used to be one of our boys, but Phillip thought he had brains so we sent him to school, and he got quite a good job in the flotilla office. I had forgotten."

But Sein Tin hadn't, thought Mara regarding the boy.

"Some ladies wanting a passage on a ship, sir," said Sein Tin, as the young man unlocked himself from the telephone at last.

"Everyone in the world wants a passage on a ship," said the young man. "There are no more ships. The Bassein mail isn't running any more. None of the mails are running any more."

He regarded Nancy and Mara with wan, tired eyes.

Sein Tin spoke to him in a low voice, so that Mara and Nancy could not hear what it was he was saying. Mara caught one word only . . . "The Star . . ." The young Englishman listened patiently. Then he sighed, picked up the telephone again and unlocked it.

"We can but try," he said. "We can but ask him." The line came to life at last, and started crackling.

"English child, marooned at the Rice Company's bungalow in Bassein. Ask the skipper will he bring it back with him. Yes. I'll hold on. O.K. Is that you, skipper? Yes. The child has a Burmese nurse. He is aged . . ." he looked inquiringly at Nancy. "Six and a bit."

"He's a tough guy," sobbed Nancy. "He won't bother. He's a very good little boy."

"His mother says he is a tough guy."

The telephone spluttered and crackled. The young man sat meantime, his hand over the mouthpiece. Now and again he threw a fragment of information to the waiting girls.

"He says he's not a kindergarten . . ." Then into the telephone he said: "Oh, quite, I see your point. Yes, it's quite on the cards, as you say . . . O.K. I'll tell them your views and ring you back." He put the receiver up.

"The captain of the Star of India says he will bring the child round if the mother goes to fetch him. Starting at four this afternoon. He won't take the responsibility of being landed with someone's child alone."

How could she leave Rangoon at four o'clock, just as Phillip went into the theatre for his operation! Nancy hid her face in her hands, too anguished even to cry. Husband or child. The old calvary of the wife out East.

Mara said, suddenly, cheerfully: "Listen, Nancy. I'll go and fetch him."

The weary young Englishman looked at her with admiration.

"O.K. As long as someone goes. I don't suppose he cares. As far as he knows, you might be the mother. We'll say nothing about it. It's probably the last chance. See Pagoda Wharf at four, then. Any change, and I'll ring you. Leave me your number. Minto Mansions? O.K."

He made some notes on a piece of paper.

"Travel light. She's only a cargo ship. Lots of weevils and no amenities. The captain's a rough diamond. They say he can swear in fourteen languages."

He shook hands with them. Sein Tin cleared the way for them through the crowd back to their car.

"It will be dreadful for you, Mara," Nancy said as they drove off. "Five days. But I shan't worry if I know he's with you. How kind people are. Isn't it queer, Sein Tin turning up like that. He was a dear little boy."

"You cast your bread on the

water, and it returned a currant bun," said Mara lightly. "Now stop crying. Everything is going to be all right. You'll be with Phillip and I shall devote my whole life to your offspring until I can hand him over to you. And listen . . . I wouldn't tell Phillip anything about the mails not running, or the crowds trying to get away. No use worrying him unduly."

She dropped Nancy at the hospital and went back to the hotel. She rang for her Indian bearer, whom she had affectionately nicknamed Nannie, because he looked after her so well. But now she rang in vain. Her bearer had gone, leaving a little note for her: "Very sorry, missis, grandmother dying, must go sharp."

He had not even waited for his money. That brought the seriousness of the situation home to her as nothing else would have done. Things must be bad, indeed, for an Indian bearer to go without his money. She stood, the note in her hand, suddenly realising how rash was the thing she had undertaken to do. Supposing she got to Bassein and could not get back again. She hadn't thought about that when she vowed her rash vow.

She put the horrid possibility away from her, and set about packing. She crammed what she could into one small suitcase light enough to carry by herself. Sneakers, shorts and a change of shirts, and one cotton frock. Her smart, expensive clothes she folded and packed away carefully in the white rawhide wardrobe trunk she was, had she known it, never to see again.

THANK goodness, she thought, I cashed in on my letter of credit. This was no time to be landed without ready money. She took a pen-knife and slit the lining of her suitcase so that it made a convincing false bottom. Into that she slipped the bundle of English notes she had got from the bank the previous day. She wondered, suddenly, how Nancy and Phillip were fixed for cash. Phillip had been quite well off as long as things were normal, but if, when he did come out of hospital, all the banks were closed, he might not be very well fixed.

She thought for a moment, then slipped a bundle of notes into an envelope and addressed it to Nancy, and left it on the dressing-table where she was bound to see it when she came in that night.

She put on a plain check gingham frock, and tied her hair back loosely with a ribbon. This made her look years younger than her expensive sophisticated clothes. So young that when she went downstairs, carrying her suitcase and her hat, to call her car, the manager did not recognise her.

Feeling rather as though it were all a dream, Mara drove through deserted streets to the wharf. The Star of India lay alongside it. The tired young Englishman was down on the jetty, his topee on the back of his head.

"I've fixed you up, The chief officer, Sandy, is a decent bloke. He's given you his cabin. You mustn't mind the others. Rough diamonds, you know. Not used to the society of ladies . . ." He seemed to be trying tactfully to prepare her for something — probably the worst, thought Mara.

"I'm not expecting it to be exactly a pleasure trip," she said, laughing. His face was strangely wistful as he watched her go aboard. He had a feeling she was probably the last really pretty girl he would see for a very long time. Perhaps even for ever.

Sandy, the chief officer of the Star of India, was a gaunt, sunbaked man from Scotland. He had grumbled a good bit at being turned out of his cabin. As if, said Sandy, this was any time to go travelling round the Delta with a pack of women and children. He was still grumbling angrily under his breath when Mara appeared in the doorway.

Please turn to page 10

saying. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go right down this very minute to the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company's office. I'll see which mail boat is going round this afternoon, and arrange with the captain to bring Minnie and Dickie back to-morrow. That means they'll be here the day after. Dickie knows all the flotilla captains, and he'll be thrilled. Then we'll all be together whatever happens, and it won't be so bad."

"Yes. Do that . . . I dare say Mrs. Carey will go along with you. I hate you being alone at a time like this, with everything so upset. I can't get out of my head what that chap outside was saying this morning. That they'd crossed the Sittoung . . ."

He smiled at them bravely enough as they went out together, but he was afraid, Mara laid her hand for a moment on his knee.

"Try not to worry. Anything that can be done, shall be done."

"God bless you. What would Nancy have done without you?" Suddenly he put his hand out, and pulled her down close to him. "Promise you'll take care of them—if anything happens to me."

"Mawkish twaddle!" the captain snapped, staring down at the broken pieces of the record.

"Of course I will." She kept her voice matter-of-fact and unemotional to help him over that moment. "But nothing is going to happen to you. You'll be all right."

Down town the streets were empty. The shops were closed, the shutters up. It looked for all the world, thought Mara, as if some Pied Piper had just passed through the usually tangled and congested streets of Rangoon, piping every one away.

But unfortunately he had only piped them as far as the waterfront, for there they all were milling round the various shipping offices, screaming, pushing, waving papers that entitled them to passages on ships that no longer were running.

"We'll never get in!" said Nancy, appalled. For a little while it looked as if her fears were justified. The crowd wasn't ugly yet, but at any moment it might be.

When they had almost given up hope something happened. A young Burman clerk from the shipping office arrived in a rickshaw carrying a folder of official-looking

papers. The crowd parted to let him through, but Nancy pushed forward, recognising him suddenly.

"Sein Tin!" she called excitedly. The young man climbed quickly down from his seat. "Thakinnal!" he exclaimed. "What is the Thakinnal doing here?"

He listened while Nancy told him the tale of Dickie marooned in Bassein, and Phillip in hospital, sick. "I want to try to arrange for the mail steamer to bring him round. I thought if I could have a word with one of the captains, Dickie knows most of them. He would feel quite at home and I know he would be no trouble," Nancy said.

Sein Tin's pleasant face was shocked. He made distressed clicking noises.

"No more mail steamers running Bassein way, Thakinnal. All stopped," Nancy went very white. She began to cry in a lost, helpless way.

"Please not to cry," said Sein Tin. "Come with me. I think of something, perhaps."

By dint of much shouting and pushing, he got them through the

And Yet I Love Her

Continued from page 9

HE had expected some Rangoon merriment, pompous and overbearing.

"Come away in. I'll be out of here in a minute," he exclaimed, waving aside all her apologies. "Think nothing of it!" he said, when she told him how much she regretted having to disturb him. "I'm away in with the engineers. There's room enough down there. I'll be doing fine. And anything you want, just let me know. Anything at all. And would anyone be bothering you, just come along and ask for Sandy, the first officer. That's me."

He smiled and went below. Mara looked round the cabin. It was small, but very neat and clean, with a sofa bunk for Dickie on the return journey. Her spirits rose a little. It was all much nicer than she had expected it to be.

She went on deck. The coolies were just casting off the ropes. The anchor came, with the old familiar rattle and clank, up out of the mud. The young man from the flotilla company waved his topee to her, and she called back to him.

"Au revoir."

She stayed there, leaning on the rail, buried in thought until the dinner gong rang.

Now to face the man who is not a kindergarten, thought Mara, mildly amused. The table in the saloon had been nicely laid.

Sandy himself was there, and two tubby little officers very like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, whose exact rank she never discovered, and who seemed to fill, on the ship, the place of a Greek chorus or voices off—laughing politely at jokes, but never making them, assiduous in passing the marmalade and the salt.

"The Old Man will not be down to-night," said Sandy, and there was, Mara thought, relief in his voice as he said it.

He made polite small talk all through dinner, enjoying himself. It wasn't often he got a pretty girl all to himself. After dinner he brought a very antique gramophone out on deck and put it on a little table beside her.

"Maybe you'd be liking a tune?" he said humbly, choosing a record.

"It has a wee crack in it, and sometimes it sticks," said Sandy apologetically. "But I'm thinking none the worse of it for that. You just need to give it a knock."

The antique record came to a crackling close with a loud hiccup. Sandy was winding it up again, preparing to give her another musical treat, when he stopped short. He seemed to change his mind, and left the gramophone and crossed over to the rail, standing there in an oddly defensive attitude, his back to her. "It's the Old Man coming down," he whispered. "He doesn't care much for music."

She saw him coming down, before he saw her. He was a big man, heavily built, tanned with the wind and the weather. There was something hard and almost cruel about his face, but it was saved by a certain inexpressible pathos.

She recognised him at once, and for a moment it was as if her heart really did stand still, and the whole world with it. It can't be, she thought wildly. How can it be! But even as she said it, she knew that the astounding thing had happened to her at last.

"Captain Gairloch—this would be

our lady passenger," said Sandy almost apologetically. It struck Mara for the first time he did not know her name.

"Good evening," said the captain. His voice was as hard, as unwelcoming as his face. "I hope you are moderately comfortable. We are not, as you know, equipped for passengers here."

"Everyone has been very kind..." he did not start when she spoke. He showed no signs of recognising her or her voice. He stood for a moment looking along the beam of the searchlight that illuminated the river ahead of them. She saw his grim face outlined against the dark of the sky.

He didn't recognise her. But in her head such a bewilderment of questions swam that for the moment she hardly thought of that. What had happened to him? Why was he here—changed suddenly from a man that the company thought very highly of, who was destined for rapid promotion on the big ship—to a man marooned on the cargo run, with the reputation only of being able to curse in fourteen languages?

Under cover of the darkness she watched him. He had taken out his pipe, and was filling it, stuffing tobacco into the bowl in a deft, brisk way she remembered so well.

"She's way round to fetch her laddie from Bassein," Sandy apparently sensed a tenseness in the air, and felt something was expected of him in the way of small talk.

Mara opened her mouth to explain Dickie wasn't her laddie, and that his mother was waiting for him in Rangoon, but her lips were dry and her throat felt thick, and she could not say anything.

"Always, when we get into port, he'll go kind of wild. And then there's a hangover. That's why I was glad when he didn't come down to dinner to-night. Often, when he's been ashore, beating it up, there's trouble when he comes down."

"You mean," she said, shocked, "he—drinks too much?"

"When we're at sea there isn't a finer captain or a grander man. Aha, if I was to be in a tough spot there's not a man in the British Merchant Navy that I'd rather be with, and that's a fact. But what a man does when he's off duty, and ashore, that would be his own business now," said Sandy, as if pleading with her to agree with him.

As she kept a shocked silence, he came nearer, and his voice sank to a whisper.

"There was a woman," he said. "So I heard tell. Something happened that's kind of soured him."

Her lips were dry and her voice in her own ears did not sound natural. But she had to know. "You mean his wife?"

"No, he never married. I couldn't say who it was, at all. I'm knowing him better, maybe, than anyone else in this world, but he hasn't mentioned it. Not even to me. It's just the talk I've heard in the company's officers. He was doing fine. He was one of their coming men. And then something went wrong. And what with his temper, and this and that, the company kept getting sued. It was like he had devils in him. I've seen it myself."

"It set him back. Though mind you, all the same, since the war I'm thinking he's made good all right."

THERE were some grand things he did. There was one convoy he got through... well, well, dangerous talk. Dangerous talk," said Sandy. "I'll say no more. But it's like he can't forget the past. It's like the devil himself had a hold on him."

She listened. Shocked. It can't be because of me. There must have been something else, she thought.

She remembered the ravaged face, those hard lines round the mouth, illuminated for one swift minute by the match's flicker. Her heart grew soft... perhaps they had both of them suffered for their past follies, and had now got what few ever have—a second chance.

She thought, with a cold shiver of premonition, "But he didn't know me!" He should have known her.

She thought, making excuses for him, that maybe it was the dim light. He hadn't seen her as plainly as she had seen him. And she thought: I've got to see him, here on the deck. Alone. I can't meet him before all the others, not knowing.

The ship's bell rang the hours. Six bells... seven bells... eight bells... midnight, and she remained there standing by the rail.

Just after midnight she heard his footsteps on the ladder. He came down slowly, like a man unbearably tired.

He started violently when he saw her. Then, pulling himself together, he said: "No one is allowed on this deck after ten."

There was a little silence. Then she said softly, "Perry, don't you recognise me. It's—Mara..."

To be continued.

Greatest Destroyer of Homes



Insurance figures show that bush fires like this destroy more homes in Australia than hurricanes or floods. Of course, a man is unlucky to have his house burnt to the ground, but, if ever anyone was fortunate to get out of it so well, it was Mr. — of Port Elliot, South Australia.

—Herald Feature Service Picture.

Burnt out—but not wiped out

On the 21st of December, '44, Mr. — of Port Elliot, South Australia, posted to his Insurance Office the proposal to insure his house and furniture for £700.

On the 29th of December—just eight days later—his house was burned to the ground and the contents totally destroyed.

Because of the Christmas holidays, Mr. —'s letter was not delivered until the 29th of December—the day of the fire! This meant that while the fire was actually raging the Insurance Office was unaware that Mr. — intended insuring with them.

On the 30th of December, the Interim certificate acknowledging the proposal to insure was despatched by the Insurance Office, together with a request for the premium of £1/6/1.

On January 16—just eighteen

days after the fire—Mr. — received a cheque for the full amount of £700.

This is just one isolated case among thousands which illustrates not only the need for Insurance, but the quick efficient service you get from your Insurance Office.

Quick Insurance service means such a lot when you are hit by disaster. It lessens the shock and helps you get back on your feet unhindered by "red tape."

This true record is taken from the files of the Insurance Office concerned. The claim number is 1766. Verification of these facts may be had by writing to the Secretary, Joint Insurance Committee, 60 Market Street, Melbourne.

YOUR FRIEND IN NEED—INSURANCE

THE

business of filling his pipe over, the captain struck a match. The flickering flame lit his ravaged face, the deep lines scarred there, the cheekbones gaunt above the hollow cheeks. Oh, it was Peregrine! There was no doubt at all about it.

"Give us a tune, Sandy!"

The request was so unexpected that Sandy almost dropped the record he held.

"Man, I didn't think you'd be caring about it. What'll I play?"

"Anything. That thing you have in your hand will do nicely. Whatever it is."

Sandy was pleased as a child. His very pleasure told Mara how unusual the situation was. Somewhere a cabin door had been opened, sending a beam of light out on to the deck. The needle scraped. A boy's voice rang out:

"I know a lady sweet and kind, Was never false so pleased my mind,

I did but see her passing by, And yet I love her till I die."

The tune snapped to an untimely end. Captain Gairloch picked up the record, broke it over his knee, and flung the pieces on to the deck. "Mawkish twaddle!" he snapped, staring angrily down at them. Then he strode away abruptly.

Sandy shook his head solemnly.

"You mustn't think any the worse of him for that," he said loyally. "It was a bad moment to be putting on that tune, for it's one I ken fine he has no liking for. But how was I to know in the darkness what I had got hold of? Put on what is in your hand," he said, and I just did what he said." He sighed.

fortuna I cloth

DRY, LIFELESS HAIR?



Dry Scalp, Lifeless Hair is a warning



help nature give you good-looking hair!



YOUR HAIR WARNS YOU when Nature fails to supply enough natural scalp oils. It loses its lustre. Looks dry and lifeless. To check Dry Scalp, give both scalp and hair the help they need, supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind with just five drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic a day.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

Double care—both Scalp and Hair



Movie World

● **SUSANNA FOSTER.** Universal's pretty twenty-year-old singing star with chestnut-gold hair and a perfect figure is unusual. She dislikes night-clubs and dancing. Apart from her career, enjoys war job as voluntary Red Cross Nurse's Aide. She

and Joan Fontaine are the only two Hollywood stars who are fully trained and work regularly at a hospital. Her beautiful singing voice has amazing range, and she has been in films for five years. Her next film will be "Frisco Sal," with Turhan Bey.

A soldier's record of his little daughter . . .



FOUR-MONTHS-OLD Penelope smiles on the world from mother's arms. She is the daughter of Sgt. and Mrs. Brian Weekes, of Sydney.



OH, IT'S A CRUEL WORLD! Penelope, now nine months old, takes an angry view of being left to her own devices for a rest and says so very loudly.



I'M FED UP with this camera business, and fancy being seen in this rig-out!



DAILY DOZEN for a glamor girl begins with somersault on the rug.



HOW DO YOU LIKE my chapeau? I put it on myself and think it rather cute.



PLEASE WAIT while I scribble my name, says 21-months-old Penelope.

in her baby days



MY WORD, that was good. I'm ready for anything. (Penelope's father took these delightful pictures.)



PENELOPE peeps out of her cosy bassinet and searches the landscape for a playmate.



I GO TO SCHOOL NOW, with a schoolbag.



AT THREE, she has first knitting lesson.



GIRL MEETS BOY and spends a happy afternoon at the Zoo.



SOS from beachgirl, who wants her castle back and someone to pull her foot out of the wet sand.

Millions of eggs **NOW...**



During September, October, November and December, hens lay more eggs than the rest of the year put together . . . 100,000,000 dozen eggs! Naturally, prices are far lower than at any other time.

But what about

NEXT WINTER?

Preserve eggs **NOW** — while they are cheap and plentiful! Follow this simple but sure method with **KE-PEG**. **KE-PEG** seals each egg airtight, keeps each egg fresh and wholesome . . . **READY FOR USE AT ANY TIME!**

**QUICK
and EASY**

So easy to do with **KE-PEG**. Simply smear some **KE-PEG** into the palms of your hands, then roll each egg gently, but firmly, until coated all over. Now each egg will stay fresh until you need it.



When storing your eggs always stand them upright to keep yolks suspended in proper position — allow free circulation of air between each egg — prevents contamination.



Winter has come . . . but your whole family can still have as many eggs as they like. Big, golden-yolked eggs, kept fresh and delicious with **KE-PEG**.



A one ounce jar of KE-PEG preserves up to 30 dozen eggs! FROM ALL GROCERS AND CHAIN STORES.

Preserve **NOW** with **KE-PEG**
— and have fresh eggs all the year round!

Agents:-

New South Wales
Hodgson and Co. Pty. Ltd.,
268-270 Sussex St., Sydney

Victoria
Grocery Distributors Pty. Ltd.,
443 Little Collins St., Melbourne

South Australia
Percy J. A. Lawrence Ltd.,
Gresham Street, Adelaide

Queensland
Thomas P. Chegwia,
14 Maritime Buildings, Brisbane

West Australia
Willshire and Feely,
P.O. Box 12, Fremantle

Tasmania
F. W. Heritage and Co. Pty. Ltd.,
Hobart and Launceston

WORTH Reporting

Four years' work

ANYONE studying Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" would assume it was written by a woman with many decades of experience in caring for homes and institutions.

That was far from the truth. She was in her twenties when her book was completed after four years' work on it, and she died, shortly after its publication, at the age of 29.

Born Isabella Mayson, daughter of a linen merchant, she married Samuel Orchard Beeton, merchant's son, in 1856, when she was a 20-year-old, dark-eyed girl.

At the time of her marriage her husband was a coming publisher, who four years previously had brought out the first English edition of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

He then began specialising in general knowledge publications in cheap and accessible form, such as dictionaries, gazetteers, needlework.

In 1861 he launched "The Queen," an English magazine which is still going strong. Mrs. Beeton died a few years after the birth of her second child.

Cat to match

AN American Army officer who saw the water-color-dyed hair at the Association of Hairdressers' Victory Ball in London, exclaimed:

"Gee! If my wife decides to have pink hair I'll dye the cat green. I've always had a fancy to see a cat that matches its eyes."



"Well, here comes old clumpy paws."

AN Adelaide businessman standing in line at the tote window waiting to back a "sure thing" had the window slammed in his face.

As he turned away he was surprised to see behind him in the line of late-comers an elderly, bearded Chinese.

He was even more surprised when the dignified Easterner smiled commiseratingly and said with great feeling: "Well, wouldn't it!"

Local languor

"HAWAIIAN music" is an imported invention, according to distinguished English composer Fritz Hart, conductor of the Honolulu Symphony Orchestra, now revisiting Australia.

Chants, rather like Gregorian ones, are Hawaii's only real folk music, he says.

The "traditional" tunes are all based on the music of other countries. Only thing exclusive to the Hawaiians is their soft, languorous way of singing.

From the throat of a hula girl, even Yankee Doodle can sound like a Waikiki waltz!

Before making his home in Honolulu, Fritz Hart was director of the Melbourne Conservatorium for many years.

Animal Antics



"Oh, for heaven's sake, GO home to your mother!"

Lie like ladies

"WOMEN lie more skillfully and stick to a lie with greater resolution than men," says Leonard Keeler, inventor of the Keeler Polygraph Lie Detector.

"It is not that a woman is naturally more dishonest than a man, but that, as a rule, she is a more determined character. Women usually put up a much better fight against the lie detector."

Every father knows

THE average newborn baby cries for 113 minutes a day, according to a survey conducted by Chicago maternity hospitals.

An infant's noisiest time is between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. The calmest hour in the nursery day is 10 a.m.

The survey showed that baby's crying is primarily a signal of need.

It could be WORMS!

If children—or adults—feel itchy, grind their teeth or lose weight, worms may be the cause. SAN-O-LAX is a pleasant remedy that will clear the system of worms—it brings quick, sure, safe relief to both children and adults.

YOUR chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Pottier & Birks Pty. Ltd.

Noisy silkworms

LADY HART-DYKE's silk farm at Lullingstone Castle suffered three times from enemy action, with the result that she has had no raw silk for sale since 1941, cables our London office.

But she has been concentrating on rearing silkworms for stock.

The silkworms bred at Lullingstone provided silks and velvets worn by the Queen and Royal Princesses at the Coronation.

Lady Hart-Dyke started keeping silkworms as a hobby when she was eight.

In 1932 she began experimenting, with silkworms from China, Turkey, France, and Italy. Feeding them was a problem, as they live entirely on mulberry leaves.

However, her friends came to the rescue, and sent her parcels and envelopes full of leaves. Now she has eighteen acres of thriving mulberry trees.

She says silkworms are as temperamental as film stars; pungent smells and loud noises definitely upset them.

But silkworms themselves are noisy. When thousands of them are crunching away at their mulberry leaves in the middle of the night the noise of their eating can be heard in nearby rooms in the castle.

ADVERTISEMENT in a London daily: "Wanted to buy, lady's Laster bathing-suit, bust 36, hips 42. Must be as new. Bankers' references."

HERE is the news!

(The B.B.C. says that women announcers are not sufficiently impersonal.)

THE British as a race

Like to keep a poker face Whether enemies are beaten or appeased.

But the ladies, may God bless 'em,

When there's good news in their session,

By Gad, sir, always sound as if they're PLEASED.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Friendship record

LETTERS about lifelong friendships have been pouring in since we published a paragraph in this column about a Three women's friendship that began 37 years ago.

A Coogee correspondent writes of her friendship with twin sisters she met in Queensland fifty years ago.

An Englishwoman, now in Australia, met an American naval commander in Malta in 1918 and still writes to him. Others write of close friendships that have lasted 40, 52, and 57 years.

But the record so far is shared by three friendships which are still going strong after 60 years.

A 73-year-old Gladstone (N.S.W.) woman says the friend she met at thirteen is "the only genuine friend I possess in the world."

Mrs. P. H. Alexander, of Parkes (N.S.W.) still sees and writes to two school friends, both of them married.

Mrs. A. Laverack, of Crowns Nest (N.S.W.), is still friendly with a school pal; during the years travelled twenty times "over the mountains" to Lithgow to stay with her.

NO USE HIDING YOUR BLOTCHY SKIN IN THIS SOFT LIGHT. BOB MUST SEE YOU IN DAYLIGHT SOON

For clearing up skin-faults nothing can hold a candle to

Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP

YOU LOOK EVEN PRETTIER IN THE SUNLIGHT, KATE

BOB WOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT IF REXONA HADN'T CLEARED MY SKIN

In the great Australian outdoors a girl needs a good complexion. For bright sunlight shows up any imperfections—despite make-up.

That's why you need Rexona Soap especially. Rexona's medicaments clear away the impurities that cause pimples, blackheads, sallowness and keep the pores clean and healthy. Make Rexona your one-and-only soap to win and keep the petal-smooth beauty that men adore.



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CAYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cedar, Camellia, Cloves, Turbidity and Squalene—all recognized valuable Skin Medicaments.

X40.25

THOS. SWALLOW
1854
MAKER OF
SHIP BISCUITS

This Sign made History

IN the year 1854, when the present Victorian shipping centre of Port Melbourne still flourished under its colonial title of Sandridge, a Mr. Thomas Swallow left Ballarat goldfields to establish a "Steam Biscuit Manufactory" at Sandridge. Later, a Mr. Ariell joined Mr. Swallow in his venture, and so was born the famous firm of "Swallow & Ariell."

Today the name "Swallow & Ariell" has become a household word. In sunny days of peace, Swallow & Ariell provides Biscuits, Plum Puddings, Cakes, and Ice Creams, in ever increasing variety. In difficult times of war Swallow & Ariell has given first priority to the needs of Australia's fighting forces.

In the 91 years since the name "Thos. Swallow" appeared at Sandridge, Swallow & Ariell has witnessed many important events in Australian history, which it will highlight in a series of announcements to be featured regularly in this paper.

SWALLOW & ARIELL
LIMITED

LEADERS IN THE BISCUIT INDUSTRY SINCE 1854

MAKERS ALSO OF THE FAMOUS
SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDINGS, CAKES, AND ICE CREAM

*Cosy
in Winter*

Winter's chill cannot force its way through Cane-ite. This modern insulating board isolates the outside from the inside temperature on the same principle as a vacuum bottle. Fires warm your house better, cutting fuel bills by as much as 30%.

Colourful, rich interiors—Cane-ite is usually fixed in its natural attractive finish, but it takes kalsomine, paint, dye, or stencilled patterns beautifully. One side of Cane-ite is smooth; takes a minimum of paint; the other side in burlap finish for rustic type decorative motifs.



*Cool
in Summer*



The modern home is cool and pleasant with Cane-ite insulation which keeps the temperature at an even, cool comfort. Cane-ite gives the home designer unlimited scope. Use it in new buildings or fix it right over those old fashioned, stained walls; you will get stylish panelled effects with wood mouldings or battens made from Cane-ite at very low cost. Cane-ite is rot-proofed and white-ant proofed.

COVER UP
OLD WALLS
THIS EASY
WAY.



Hush! Cane-ite will subdue discordant noises, shut out jarring clatter. Radio studios and movie theatres use lots of Cane-ite because of its special sound-proofing property. Insulate your home against noise, too, with Cane-ite—the easy-to-erect building board.

CANE-ITE

INSULATING BOARD

a C.S.R. Product

THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
(BUILDING MATERIALS DIVISION)
Marketing CANE-ITE • SLAG-WOOL
PLASTER PRODUCTS • ASBESTOS



1 inch of Cane-ite will insulate your home better than a 33 inch of concrete or a 15 inch thick brick wall.



CAN WOMEN PREVENT ANOTHER WAR?

**Special Editorial
written in Berlin
by Alice Jackson**

MIDNIGHT is a very quiet hour in the select Berlin suburb of Kurfurstendamm. Not a sound breaks the silence of Frau Schmidt's house in the cobbled, tree-lined street at 36 Bierenstrasse.

To-day I heard the news that peace had come to the Pacific, too. It brought sharp joy and deep relief.

But still I lie awake beneath a green satin eiderdown in Frau Schmidt's comfortable bed.

A pretty bed, too, with its modern cream design matching the rest of the furnishings in the pleasant room.

Dainty white curtains drape the french doors leading to a little balcony where Early Morn petunias bloom rosily.

Tired as I am, I cannot sleep in Frau Schmidt's bed, not only because I feel an intruder in this requisitioned room whose owner sleeps on a couch downstairs, but because my mind keeps going over the strange, tragic, obscene events which linked this Berlin home to mine in Australia.

Frau Schmidt stamped her personality on her home.

In the brief interview I had with her to-day I noted her as a spare, tall, angular, grey-haired woman, shadow-faced and sunken-eyed.

There is no rest

BUT on the wall there is a photo of herself taken seven years ago, when she was a plump, smiling matron with two sons aged seven and ten.

Any woman could read the story this room tells of careful planning and quiet good taste.

Intimate personal touches — embroidered linen pillowslips, a sheet carefully buttoned to the eiderdown, pencilled sketches and flower paintings done by Frau Schmidt herself — contribute to the homelike atmosphere.

It is a typical, modern, up-to-date room. Middle-class women the world over have furnished such rooms, by their gifts for home-making creating out of furniture and fabrics a little haven of peace in which to rest after the wearing strain of the day.

But for me there is no rest in it. I switch off the smart bedside lamp, but through the dark my eyes see pictures of the last lap of the road by which I came here, a road which is only one of many world tracks equally blasted, desolate, and bloodstained.

Behind my closed eyes in the dark some dreary camera rolls off the record of heartbreak and homelessness.

Women trudging behind wheelbarrows laden with salvaged oddsends from what once apelt home—a bed, a chair, a cot, a grandmother, and baby . . . Fires of the homeless in wayside woods.

Drifting from the homesick hearts of these tragic wayfarers who kindled the fires, mournful snatches of their homeland songs . . . Hopeless treks of lost women



"... Hopeless treks of lost women with their children . . ."

with their children, women who fled before the bombing now drifting back into cities not knowing whether they are widowed and their children orphaned, with no idea of where they will find shelter in the foul, pestilence-stricken ruins which once were homes.

By ripe wheatfields they wander with their children, gleaning here and there stray ears of corn . . . Laboring women—long chains of them bent with age, fatigue, and hunger. Brick by brick they toll at heaps of ruins to earn a meagre meal.

As the sad procession passes across my eyes the voices of women with whom I have talked during the day sound in my ears.

"My baby's sick and hungry. It will be better when she dies."

"All of our babies will die in the winter."

Other voices telling of nameless horrors. Often I was warned, "Don't talk to these

German women. They'll only try to fill you up with propaganda."

But hunger, disease, misery speak without voices. You can't mistake their signs.

This is part of the price German women have paid for Fascism. The price they made women all over the world pay is equally bitter and terrible, though they don't believe this. Nazified or ignorant, supping with the devil who promised them world dominion, or just plain sheep led to the slaughter, they are obsessed with their own share of misery, without thought for the toll they have exacted from others.

Conquered foes reaping the whirlwind they have sown, they are still a sickening, heart-rending part of the general hell of war.

Each is a symbol of a broken home, a child born to misery, proof of the havoc war plays with women who bear children and make homes but cannot or will not stop wars.

For how much of all this horror have all women been responsible?

More important, what part will they play in preventing another war?

For it can happen again—here in Germany, over there in Australia.

It can happen in spite of any world charter. It will happen if women evade their responsibilities under this great new charter which expressly provides them with every opportunity to play their part in keeping blood from the doorstep of the world's homes.

My wakeful conscience, pondering over links in the long chain which led from Frau Schmidt's door to mine, tells me that I and my democratic kind, as well as Hitler's Frau Schmidt and her Nazi kind, had a hand in forging some of these links.

That thought is not exactly a lullaby. It is going to rob me of sleep on many nights.

Into the bedroom the dawn wind stirring the dainty curtains wafts the perfume of dew-wet petunias.

Below stairs I hear Frau Schmidt stirring. I am glad to rise from her bed and pack for the journey back to my own home in Australia.

**SEE SPECIAL 4-PAGE PEACE SUPPLEMENT
FOLLOWING PAGE 20**

Editorial

AUGUST 25, 1945

PEACE ON EARTH

THE quiet that spread over the earth as the guns were silenced has reached into the people's hearts and minds.

It is good to think for a brief space, not of the aftermath of war and the problems of reconstruction, but of the simple fact that men are no longer killing each other.

The normal man has no instinct to kill. He wants to live and love, to marry and beget children, to work and build.

For six years he has had to give up that natural way of life while he fought to defend his right to it. In that defence he endured incredible suffering.

His normal feeling toward his fellow-men was one of tolerant goodwill. As likely as not, he had never struck a blow in anger since he outgrew schoolboy scuffles.

Yet for six years his mind has been intent on destruction and hate and his daily occupation has been killing.

At last he can put all that behind him and think instead of the sweetness and the beauty life can hold for all men.

His riches are being restored to him . . . children's laughter and the sight of a small, sleepy head upon a pillow . . . an armchair by the fire and clean sheets . . . tea in the kitchen and a woman's tenderness no longer edged by unspoken fears.

To the contemplation of such simple joys, men and women alike have turned in the hour of release.

This redirection of all our minds is the first great blessing of peace.



VOLLEY-BALL, with players seated, as an exercise for patients whose limbs have been or are set in plaster casts, is part of rehabilitation treatment at a hospital in Surrey, England.

COMMONWEALTH COMMUNIQUE

New airliners Overnight air service between Perth and Sydney will be routine schedule when the new DC4's reach Australia in December or January. They will accommodate 44 passengers, cruise at about 207 m.p.h., with a top speed of 250 m.p.h. Mod. cons. will include dressing rooms as well as toilet rooms, cabin library, and refreshment bar.

Oil on water Scientific staff of Maritime Services Board in N.S.W. is testing chemical compounds which it is hoped will lessen danger of fire from oil discharged from ships in Australian ports. Idea is either to sink oil or make it non-inflammable.

Wool sheers Australian printed sheer woollen material is being shown for spring and summer wear. Washable and unshrinkable, in gay designs, it ranges in price from 7/5 to 15/9 per yard.

Match-making Match supplies, though not plentiful, are adequate for our needs if used economically. Scandinavian timber was formerly imported for safety matches, but during war Australia has supplied Allied Services and civilians with matches of native timbers.

Dingo destruction N.S.W. Department of Agriculture has made a grant of £1000 and a loan of £1000 to the Dingo Destruction Board in the Far North Coast and tablelands. Dingoes have been causing considerable losses to sheep in those districts.

Weed killer Wartime manpower shortage has resulted in development of weed killers for carrot crops. Power alcohol sprayed on row of carrots as test determines whether crop as well as weeds are burnt. If so, one part in five of lighting kerosene can be added before whole crop sprayed.

Braille books More books in braille should be available soon, as braille printing has been resumed in England. Output of books for blind in Australia is small, as copies are done by hand, but books recently transcribed range from mysteries to "Song of Bernadette."

Bathing-caps Rubber bathing-caps won't be seen this summer or even next. When rubber is available many essential products will be needed first. Substitute caps on market are of cotton material waterproofed with synthetic lacquer.

Fish by plane Improved refrigeration and distribution possibly by cargo planes should bring more fish to Australian tables after the war. Fish-canning industry is flourishing in Tasmania; a Launceston factory has biggest output in Australia.

Aluminium dresses Aluminium from Tasmanian bauxite may be used to make dress material if an American method is adopted in Australia. Aluminium cloth, reported to have unusual strength and pliability, is made by laminating sheets of foil with acetate plastic. Can be made in all colors, has unusual properties of warmth and coolness.

Hair combs A plastic glass comb which will bend but not break is being made in Victoria. Supplies probably ready in December. Combs are scarce because materials from which they were formerly made were needed for war. Wartime combs of resinous plastics snap easily.

Lighting code The National Standards Association of Australia will publish code for domestic lighting next year, advising power and number of lights according to size of rooms. Most lighting engineers favor one central light and several local lights (i.e., table, floor lamps).

Gypsum board Manufacture of gypsum wall board is being launched by Colonial Sugar Refining Co. and factory built in Sydney. Gypsum deposits are found in many parts of Australia. Board has high fire resistance, good surface and appearance.

Carry your seat A combination suitcase chair has been patented in America for travellers in jam-packed trains. Lightweight suitcase has padded end and sliding backrest.

Interesting People

F/MARSHAL ALEXANDER

... Governor-General of Canada

SUPREME Allied Commander in Mediterranean Theatre, Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander now has civilian post with his just-announced appointment as Canada's new Governor-General. Appointment was made while he was still on active service, leading his troops in occupation of Austria. Says, "This new post comes at a happy time for me. I am determined to make myself useful." Conqueror of Libya, Tunisia, Italy, he has fought on most fronts in this war. Was in command of evacuation at Dunkirk, and was one of last men out. In Burma in 1942 saved India from Japanese. In 1944 was created A.D.C. General to the King. Chief recreation is painting. Field-Marshal Alexander, who is 54, and his wife, Lady Margaret Alexander, have three children.



MISS N. RUSSELL

... British Y.W.C.A.

WORK with British Y.W.C.A. is colorful wartime job of Miss Nancy Russell, of Perth, Western Australia. Since 1943 has been director of association's central war services. Mediterranean Forces. Is in charge of leave centres for Allied servicemen of all ranks. Her territory covers North Africa, Persia, Iraq, Italy, Malta, and Greece. Also supervises domestic arrangements and organisation of staff. In Rome a palatial hotel taken over by Y.W.C.A. is now popular resort for Service honey-moon couples. Before war Miss Russell was teacher at Bishop's College, Ceylon.



CAPTAIN B. YORKE

... Australian in Burma

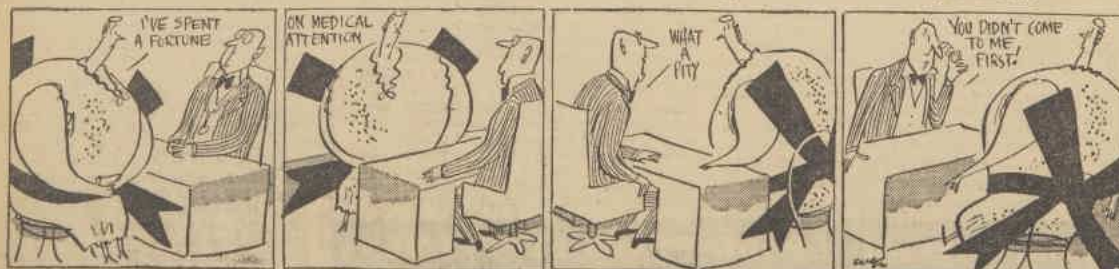
ONLY Australian in his unit, Captain Bruce Yorke, of Sydney, has spent last four years in Burma with Indian Army. Is attached to Intelligence Corps as interrogator of Japanese prisoners. Recently visited Australia, the Philippines, and the islands on tour of duty to study methods of similar inter-Allied Service units in South-west Pacific area. Before present duty was attached to General Headquarters in Delhi, doing administrative work for his unit. Speaks Japanese fluently. Spent four and a half years in China before war. Was in Shanghai during Japanese bombing, and joined Shanghai Volunteers to help keep order in International Settlement.



YOUR COUPONS

Coupons now available are—

TEA: 1 to 12 (1 to 4 will expire on Aug. 26); 13 to 14 will become available on Aug. 27.
SUGAR: 1 to 4 (expire on Oct. 27); 5 and 6 become available on Aug. 27.
BUTTER: 7 to 9 (all Aug. 26).
MEAT: Black, 15 (in 21); Red and Green, 17 to 23 (all Aug. 26).
CLOTHES: B55-112, Y1-56.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

H. G. Wells could have said "I told you so"

Atomic bomb is one of his many prophecies which have come true

By DOROTHY DRAIN

When H. G. Wells was told about the dropping of the first atomic bomb, he must have had the impulse to say "I told you so." He resisted it.

His actual words were: "This thing can wipe out everything bad—or everything good—in the world. It is up to the people to decide."

THOSE words were precisely the theme of a book Wells, now 79 years old, wrote in 1914.

For the last 50 years he has been pouring out warnings to the human race that it must heed where it is going or be destroyed.

Reviewers of his recent books have complained about his irritability.

But perhaps, in the light of his many accurate forecasts, he may be forgiven for being annoyed at the lack of attention paid him.

As early as 1902 in "Anticipations" he prophesied the use of tanks, and rifles "with characteristics like machine guns," and the end of immunity for non-combatants.

In "War in the Air," 1908, he described aerial warfare, the destruction of cities by bombing, pictured craft like zeppelins, "flying machines" engaged in what we know as dogfights, and a subsequent epidemic which killed more people than the war.

In 1933 his "Shape of Things to Come" forecast European war in 1940, begun by an incident between a Polish Jew and a Nazi on a train to Danzig, and later a war between America and Japan.

Certainly "Shape of Things to Come" isn't an exact picture of events as they took place but it was pretty fair warning of the havoc war would leave.

In a 1941 essay he wrote: "The breaking down of uranium has progressed so far that now, at any time, our supply of energy may be increased 100,000 times."

Granted Wells made some wrong guesses. Back in 1902 he couldn't see submarines as a very effective weapon of war, for instance.

But he did well enough as a prophet and with most telling effect of all in "The World Set Free."

This book, published in May, 1914, tells of the destruction of the world's cities by atomic bombing in the middle decades of this century:

"The bomb flashed scarlet in mid-air and fell, a descending column of black eddying spirals in the midst of a whirlwind."

"In the garden before the castle a shuddering star of evil splendor spouted and poured up smoke and



H. G. WELLS, prolific English writer, who forecast the atomic bomb in 1914.

flame toward them . . . the facade of the building dissolved . . ."

Compare the official reports of the first bomb descending on Hiroshima:

"The crew looked down and saw a terrific flash . . . Anyone not wearing dark glasses would have been blinded . . . Almost instantly what had been Hiroshima was in the heart of a mountain of smoke and an immense mass of boiling dust."

Wells again: "And these atomic bombs which science burst upon the world that night were strange even to the men who used them."

From reports of August 8, 1945: "Only three of the crew of eleven knew what was being carried, but all were warned to expect a blinding flash."

The atomic bomb, according to Wells, would continue to explode indefinitely, making areas uninhabitable for years, and would cause radiations that "ate into people's skins."

Consequences like these were described by a New York scientist, Dr. Jacobson, when the first bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, but were later contradicted by the U.S. War Office.

In Wells' imagination, the peaceful uses of atomic energy came before its destructive use.

He envisaged a young scientist,



BILLOWS OF BLACK SMOKE rising from a flaming Japanese city attacked by American bombers. Airmen who saw the first atomic bombs fall on Japan described a huge mushroom of black smoke, ringed by fire. —U.S. Office of War Information photo.

Holsten, who in 1933 was to "solve the problems of inducing radio-activity in heavier elements, so tapping the energy of atoms."

Holsten "felt like an imbecile who has presented a box of loaded revolvers to a crèche."

There followed great industrial uses of the new power (cars and aeroplanes were driven by it), and the subsequent crashing of the coal and steel industries.

"Certainly it seems now that nothing could have been more obvious to the people of the 20th century than the rapidity with which war was becoming impossible," wrote Wells.

"They did not see it until the atomic bombs burst in their fumbling hands."

"All through the 19th and 20th centuries the amount of energy men were able to command was continually increasing . . ."

"Every sort of passive defence was being outmastered by this tremendous increase on the destructive side . . ."

"Humanity was like a sleeper who handles matches in his sleep, wakes to find himself in flames."

Thus the use of atomic energy led to the "last war."

But from the ruins arose the foundations for a world peace, made at a conference called by a French ambassador to Washington, who, with representatives of the nations, set up a World State.

Most of Wells' writings are directed toward that theory of his, that only as a federation with international controls can civilisation hope to save itself from destruction.

Other men have held, and hold, that theory. But none have said it more often—in fiction, in essays, in film scripts, in lectures.

"A federal world air control," he wrote in 1941, in "Guide To the New World," "must be the first objective of any organisation which seeks to

restore and implement the goodwill of men throughout the world.

"Such a control need not come into conflict with the religious, racial, and local emotional differences of mankind . . ."

Picturing in "The World Set Free" his World State, with one language, one currency, and war outlawed for ever, he wrote:

"The catastrophe of the atomic bombs which shook men out of cities and businesses and economic relations shook them also out of old-established habits of thought and out of the tightly held beliefs and prejudices."

All over the world men and women share a hope that that prophecy will come true, too.

RECIPES

SCIENCE

BOOKS

MUSIC

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HEALTH & BEAUTY

"WOMAN'S WEEK"

26

12-45 P.M.

FRIDAY

60 CROWDED MINUTES

of everything you want to know about everything—plus a chatty little corner dear to the heart of all women!

Girlhood of woman who helped to split atom

Living in Sydney is a former Viennese music-teacher, Mrs. Elsa Froehlich, who grew up with Dr. Lisa Meitner, the woman scientist whose research was directly responsible for the atomic bomb.

IN her home at Pennant Hills last week Mrs. Froehlich told of the Lisa she had known as a schoolgirl, one of a family of seven.

"She was such a pretty girl, with golden-brown hair, petite and gentle features, and charming in manner," she said.

"We all admired her beautiful peach-bloom skin, and her cleverness seemed out of place in such prettiness."

Dr. Meitner's early studies showed for the first time that the uranium atom could be split and it was this discovery that has gradually led to the development of the world's most destructive force.

The Meitner family lived in Rem-

brandstrasse in the Jewish quarter, Leopoldstadt.

"Herr Meitner was a lawyer, a well-known member of the Vienna legal world. He had a struggle to provide adequately for his seven children," Mrs. Froehlich said.

"His main concern was to give them all a good education. Gusti and Lisa were pupils at the first high school for girls in Vienna, and afterwards Lisa went to the University to continue her studies in science."

After the family moved from Vienna and Lisa went to Germany, where she worked with a German scientist, Hahn, Mrs. Froehlich lost touch with the family.

Dr. Meitner is now an experimental physicist at the Royal Swedish Academy.

SPLIT!

IT was on a Sydney Harbor ferry on a bright Sunday afternoon, different only from any other sunny afternoon in the fact that it was the day the first atomic bomb had been dropped on Japan.

Two schoolchildren, one a girl, her hair in plaits and her school felt pushed back on her head, the other a bespectacled boy, were writing in their exercise books.

"What," asked the girl suddenly, "is an atom?"

"It's something very small," answered the boy.

"What," asked the girl, "do you do with it?"

"You split it," he replied.

"Oh," she said, and went on with her French grammar.

Coming Soon!

WALT DISNEY'S
Full-length Musical Fiesta in Technicolor

"The THREE CABALLEROS"



"GOOD PALS
THOUGH WE
MAY BE..."



"WHEN SOME LATIN
BABY SAYS YES
NO, OR MAYBE..."



"EACH MAN'S
FOR HIMSELF!"



Sixteen New Hit Tunes in "THE THREE CABALLEROS"

Among them are these tunes
you're already hearing on the air—

"THE THREE CABALLEROS"

"YOU BELONG TO MY HEART"

"BAIA" (by the composer of "Brazil")

Ask when "THE THREE CABALLEROS" will play at your theatre.

as 'The Three Caballeros'

DONALD DUCK · JOE CARIOCA · PANCHITO

That Romantic
Heartbreaker

That Jiving
Jitterbird

That Cocky
Mexican Casanova

and, in the flesh,
AURORA MIRANDA · DORA LUZ · CARMEN MOLINA

Brazil's Great Singing
and Dancing Star

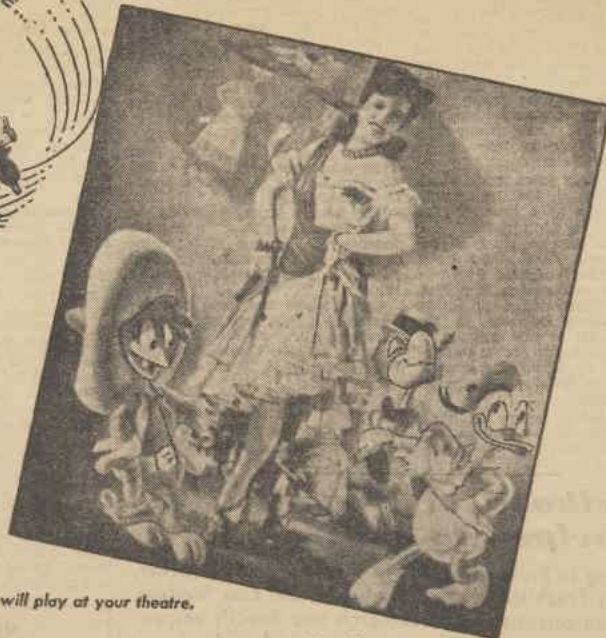
Mexico's Glamorous
Sweetheart of Song

Dancing Senorita from
South of the Border

RELEASED THROUGH RKO RADIO PICTURES

"I AM HAPPY TO TELL THE PEOPLE OF AUSTRALIA THAT MORE PEOPLE IN AMERICA HAVE ALREADY PAID TO SEE 'THE THREE CABALLEROS' THAN ANY OF MY PICTURES SINCE I MADE 'SNOW WHITE'."

WALT DISNEY



Peace

THY winds of victory blow strong, O Lord,
Smoke clears the roof-trees of the world,
Clean soars the sky's exultant arch.
How strong, Thy winds.

Thy winds of joy move light and sweet, O Lord,
On cheek of children safe abed,
And each man with his face to home.
How sweet, Thy winds.

Thy winds of mercy now stir mild, O Lord.
Bruised heart the slow pulse feels again,
Breaks new the seed from healing earth.
How mild, Thy winds.

Yet stronger, milder, sweeter stands, O Lord,
Thy peace, in which our dear dead rest;
Thy peace, in which we living build.
How blest, Thy peace.

—JOSEPHINE O'NEILL.

Mother's diary records her f six years of w



1 SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1939. We have just heard Mr. Chamberlain's broadcast. So we are at war! I wonder how long it will last. Noel is excitedly awaiting his call-up for the Navy, but Des says it's the A.I.F. for him. We took this snapshot of the boys on the lawn yesterday afternoon. That's Vince 15 (left), then Noel 18, Russell 21, Larry 23, and Des 24.



3 SEPTEMBER, 1941. Letter from Noel. On leave in London, he and other boys help as fire-fighters and members of rescue squads during blitz. He writes: "We have just had two nights of blitz—the first lasting nine and a half hours. Incendiary bomb fell on building we sleep in, and in this Monahan's fighting blood on!" I'm quite sure it is.



2 JUNE, 1941. Larry and Dulcie Bell were married last week. Russ leaves with A.I.F. for Middle East shortly. Des has been discharged med. unfit, and Noel is now convalescing on Moreton Bay 'n Atlantic. I have promised not to fret.



4 CHRISTMAS, 1941. Happy Christmas in spite of news from North. Noel home, Russ in Middle East, Billy, my ten-year-old grandson, dresses up for photo in Noel's souvenirs and U.S. sailor's gob-cap.

THIS is a picture of an Australian family during six years of war. Mirrored in extracts of the mother's diary are her treasured snapshots it records, as no cold analysis historian could record, what World War 1939-45 has meant to her family and the family next door.

The mother is Mrs. K. Monahan, of 40 Chandos Street, Crow's Nest, Sydney. Her sons, whom the neighbors call the Fighting Monahans, served in the A.I.F.

None of the entries in this mother's diary deal with Allied defeats and victories, or the biggest bomb; they are concerned only with family incidents—a wedding, the baking of a cake, or a party. It could be happy peace incidents except that the wedding is that of a serviceman who will soon be going into action, the cake is to be served to a soldier home on leave, and the party is for a soldier home on leave.

The eloquent and moving war story of the Fighting Monahans, their tiny, five-foot mother is typical of that of thousands of families. Many, however, the coming peace will not be so perfect, and joyous reunions will be marred by the absence of loved faces. To these the heart of the mother and thousands of other mothers like her go out in sympathy.



5 MARCH, 1942. Russ back from Middle East. He likes this one of riotous A.I.F. race meeting, and American boys at his welcome home party. All my love now, but for how long, I wonder. (The Japs are in New Guinea.) Will Australia be invaded? Larry, A.I.F. Vince wants to join the Navy. This is a



7 AUGUST, 1942. Dreaded telegram arrives. Noel wounded. Learn later Canberra sunk in battle for Solomons, and Noel, with shrapnel wounds in head, is now in hospital, with other survivors of a grand old ship. But I mustn't fuss.

8 SEPTEMBER, 1942. Noel, home from hospital, Larry, and I were snapped in street. Vince, note on H.M.A.S. Australia, wants me to make him a small canvas bag to keep some of his gear in.



9 OCTOBER, 1942. Russ is in Owen Stanleys. Have just seen newsreel of Kokoda Trail, and think of Russ' letter which came yesterday. "We marched all day, Mum... the rain poured... we sank waist deep in mud or fell flat on our faces. When we stopped for a rest we were so tired we just fell down in the mud. I managed to keep up with the rest, but was in a daze mostly." Poor boys.

10 CHRISTMAS, 1942. Dulcie has joined W.A.A.F. Noel home for Christmas tea. Wonder what kind of Christmas Russell in New Guinea, Larry in camp, and Vince on H.M.A.S. Australia are having.

11 For the first time in years...



PEACE

AFTER SIX YEARS, it's all over at last. My boys will all be home together again. How fortunate I am that all my boys have been spared. It will be so wonderful to bustle round in the morning, to hear them singing and whistling in the mud Monahan scramble for the bath, and to hustle them off to work. And Larry and Dulcie will be able to have their home. I'm afraid Vince has outgrown this blue suit of his...

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 25, 1945

Fighting family's war

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nephew.



Telegraphist Vincent Monahan, 22 Able Seaman Noel Monahan, 24



Private Russell Monahan, 27 Private Larry Monahan, 29 Desmond Monahan, 30, ex-A.I.F.



In snapshots, greatly amuse his boys home. He landed in Larry is now in a and year.

6 MAY, 1942. Vince is jubilant. Left for Flinders Naval Depot two days before 21st birthday party for Noel. At 4 o'clock on morning after party (the morning Japanese subs entered Sydney Harbor) Noel is called from his bed to his new ship, H.M.A.S. Canberra.



CHRISTMAS, 1942. Wonderful surprise when Vince manages to come home for day from Canberra Naval Depot, where he is stationed. Helped me hang stockings. Russell is home on leave from New Guinea. We hung stockings, too, for Larry, returned from wounds at Lae, and now back in front line, and Noel, in survey ship in North. Happy Boxing Day party with us filled to overflowing with relatives and about 20 guests.



WAR

I MUST HURRY AND FINISH THIS CAKE. It seems centuries since I began baking cakes for the boys. Their birthdays come round so quickly I've no sooner finished one cake than I'm collecting ingredients for another—and then, of course, there are the Christmas cakes, too. This one is for Larry. It's September, 1942, and he has been wounded at Lae. Dulcie came over last week-end and told us that a Japanese hand-grenade had burst in front of him, causing slight head injuries. I hope he is all right.



12 CHRISTMAS, 1944. Noel sends snaps. Loses all his gear when huge wave almost overturns his survey ship Whyalla. Wants me to send him pair of barber's clippers. Vince is now in Darwin, and Russell and Larry in Northern Queensland.



13 AUGUST, 1945. This is a typical Monahan Sunday morning. Vince is home from Darwin. Russell is still in Northern Queensland. Larry is now with 7th Division in Borneo, and Noel on the Bataan. Noel is proud of fact that he sailed on one of first three ships from Australia in 1940, and is now on our newest warship, Bataan. That's Dulcie on chair next to Vince. Des is busy in garden, his wife Nell is knitting, and their daughter Lorraine, 4 years, wheeling pram. Behind Lorraine is my sister, Mrs. K. Meiser, her daughter Beryl (foreground), and her grandchildren, Beryl and Barbara. We are hoping for news of peace soon.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 23, 1945

Now...we dare to remember

Why we wept...and sometimes laughed

Now it is all over.

We can dare to let our memories of the years of war come crowding back.

Some are still as vivid as if they had happened an hour ago. Others are of fears that have faded. Some will keep a particular, personal sadness in our hearts forever.

REMEMBER how we kept the radio on till after midnight to listen to a doggedly unemotional voice telling us disaster after disaster—how we listened for the wail of the paper being pushed under the front door in the early morning?

Remember learning to turn a heel in the first khaki sock?

Remember the last-war songs coming back, and a new one: "We'll Hang Our Washing on the Siegfried Line" that we sang five heart-breaking years too soon?

Remember the "while-you-wait" army, existing in the morning, in uniform for lunch?

In Martin Place one day I listened to a brother and sister. He was not young, and wore thick glasses.

He gave her some keys, and said: "Open up the office and just tell the boys I'm off-color, in case I'm not accepted. If I'm not there in a couple of hours tell them I'm in."

He walked away to the enlistment booth. She bent her head, and hurried away.

At a drill hall were well-built, stunted youths in good clothes and undersized, pale youths with cold faces—the extremes in our lopsided land of opportunity, who, together, were to uphold with their strength and their youth, and too often their lives, the reputation of their fathers.

I remember the drill sergeant trying to marshal them into order.

The way he bawled at them seemed no way to go on in a free country.

But when Army life was no longer strange to us, we all understood about the sergeant. He left his Voice of Discipline behind on the parade ground. Away from it he was "Sarge" to the boys. They were his staunch mates if they liked him; a plague of chinkers to him if they thought him too pompous.

Remember how at first we were a bit self-conscious to be seen with friends in uniform?

Then, as we realised how much they would be needed, and as we watched them march, we were filled

with a tremendous pride and a pervading sadness. The sadness deepened when we saw them sail.

None of us will ever be able to listen unmoved to "Now is the time when we must say good-bye..."

Remember all the young faces under rakish Air Force caps?

A personal memory is the group of four young Air Force trainees, the eldest of them twenty-one.

They talked about "life" and "winning," and how they were going to "reorganise the world" when they came back.

The hours were always filled with their laughter. When they went back to their station they left a blank quietness, there were piles of damp towels in the bathroom and a ring round the bath, and the whole place wore a battered look.

They went overseas to become pilots of bombers and fighters.

Nothing of the four of them remains now to "reorganise the world" as they planned—except their memory.

The relentless headlines spaced our lives from day to day.

"Retreat from Benghazi"

"Greece evacuated" . . . "Crete evacuated."

Remember the unbelievable news on that bright

Monday morning

that the Japs had

struck at Pearl

Harbor?

Then nearer and nearer to ourselves.

"H.M.A.S. Sydney lost."

"H.M.S. Repulse and Prince of

Wales sunk," and, alarmingly soon,

"Singapore falls"—the agonising

last line in the epic of the High

Division.

"Darwin bombed" stunned us. Wild rumors sped of Jap landings in the Gulf country. Mountain resorts were crowded as families evacuated their children from the cities.

The battle walls went up and the streets were dark at night, and as the black crept farther and farther south on the maps printed in our newspapers, a terrifying shadow

SEARCHLIGHT
over the war
years—Army
trainees at their
first bayonet
drill, R.A.A.F.
boys embarking
for overseas,
children digging air-raid trenches, a Jap midjet submarine being raised from the sea floor, and the A.I.F. driving the Japs back in New Guinea.



seemed to creep down over the summer days.

Even the shining courage of our servicemen on those evil jungle battlefronts could not lighten the despair in our hearts for their vain sufferings and our own peril.

The blackout went up in our home windows.

Two of us did our flat windows on a glorious sunny morning, struggling to fix it to the window frames.

The room was suddenly pitch-black and we cried in a weak feminine fashion because the sudden blacking-out of the sun seemed to be a symbol of the evil ugliness of war.

In backyards and suburban streets we heard the sound of machine-guns and power-dives as children made themselves part of their times and played realistic warfare.

Thousands of us enrolled for air-raid training on the day of Pearl Harbor.

A few nights later there was a secretive voice on the telephone summoning us to a certain church hall, and the struggle began to learn about fragmentation bombs, what to do with an incendiary, and how to tell one gas from another.

All over the country in draughty meeting-halls and stuffy air-raid posts men and women who had planned a secure, constructive way

men turned back the Jap invasion fleet.

We dared to be a little confident.

We woke one morning to learn that Japanese midjet submarines had come into Sydney Harbor. Until we knew of the casualties in the depot ship, our reaction was incredulous laughter. "The check of them," everyone said.

And when the Eastern Suburbs of Sydney were shelled, in spite of our sympathy for people with injuries and damaged homes, we were secretly thrilled to be "in it."

I remember the bomb disposal squad digging for unexploded shells.

Two of us stood on the edge of a deep hole by the roadside. In the bottom of the hole was a hot-faced young corporal prodding for the shell with a long bamboo stick.

"You young ladies had better move away," called the corporal, who was probably only a couple of feet away from the shell. "If you got hurt I'd get into terrible trouble."

In the next month a few Australians gave us our first land victory against the Japs at Milne Bay.

And soon the great victory of El Alamein and the desert advance turned our determined bravado into justified pride and hopefulness.

As the A.I.F. slogged their way over the Owen Stanleys a new heroine emerged—this time on the home front.

Her decorations were a string bag and a ration book, and very often a next-of-kin badge.

We saw her in thousands in suburban shopping streets, or in the late afternoon emerging from picture theatres after a few hours' rest for her tired body and anxious mind.

We saw her, too, wearing a new hat with her several years old coat, waiting at the dispersal base for returned prisoners of war, or hurrying away from the railway station when trains went north.

When our last alert came on a hot Friday night there were several hundred Service boys and girls dancing at The Australian Women's Weekly Servicewomen's Club.

Whatever new horrors and humors are yet to come in this world I will always remember the tiny, silver-haired voluntary helper exhorting a group of huge, bomb-hardened Middle East veterans "not to panic."

But behind all the varied memories there is a background of photographs. They stretch from 1939 to 1945 like an endless family album.

There are the pictures that soldiers with lonely faces take out of their wallets to show you—pretty, smiling girls, beaming mothers, fat children with shining curls.

And the studio portrait on pianos and mantelpieces in countless homes—portrait of soldier, sailor, airman, spick-and-span in uniform so new that it hardly seems to belong to him; the formal, posed pictures of "Bill and I at Gaza," the snapshots with the Pyramids, the Walling Wall, tropical palms, Chinese temples, or dead crocodiles in the background.

All of them are fixed, unchanging, while the faces in them have changed with the years.

The smooth, young faces under the service hats are lined a little—or a great deal. Pain, sickness, and horror have changed their eyes.

The chubby children in the wallet pictures are lanky schoolchildren now.

And the girls in the photographs? Well, if fate has been kind and there is still a reason to meet the troop train, they'll have their hair done and buy a new hat or a new dress.

Their happiness will hide any change the years have made.

By Adele Shelton Smith

of life for their families were trying to adapt their minds to horror and destruction.

Remember how comforted we felt when the Americans arrived?

There was someone to help us, and with their presence we felt less isolated from the reasonable people of the world.

By the time the Japs were within sight of Port Moresby our cupboards contained tinned emergency rations. We slept with our torches and "air-raid" clothes beside us.

Then a great wave of thankfulness swept through every anxious home when news came of the Coral Sea victory, in which the U.S. Fleet and our own intrepid handful of air-

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Finalise all important ventures or changes on Aug. 22 before 9 a.m. or after 5 p.m., then live cautiously. Aug. 24 (afternoon) and 27 (noon) helpful, too.

TAUROS (April 21 to May 21): Conditions still difficult until Aug. 21 end, then better weeks likely. Aug. 24 (evening), 25 (to 3 p.m.), 26 (after 3 p.m.), 27 (midday), and 28 (except at dusk) can all prove fortunate.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Speed up semi-important matters on Aug. 21 (near sunset) and 22 (before 9 a.m. or after dusk). Then live quietly for some weeks. Aug. 24 and 25 poor.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Moderate gains possible by diligence and wisdom on Aug. 24 (evening), 25 (until 3 p.m.), and 26 (early and late).

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 24): Live cautiously. Aug. 22 and 23 mildly upsetting. Aug. 26 (afternoon) and 27 (midday) mostly helpful. Aug. 28 poor.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Good weeks ahead, but don't spoil them by impatience. Aug. 23 (early and late) fair. Aug. 24 and 25 conflicting, avoid changes. Aug. 27 (early and midday) fair. Aug. 28 (except at dusk) excellent.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 23): Aug. 21 (near sunset) fair. Aug. 22 (early and late) quite good. Aug. 26 and 27 poor. Routine best.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 to Nov. 23): Tricky week; be patient and cautious on Aug. 23, 24, and 25. Aug. 24 (evening), 25 (to 3 p.m.), 26 (afternoon), and 27 (early and midday) fortune possible.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 23): Confusion. Aug. 21 (4 p.m. to 7 p.m.) fair. Aug. 22 (early and late) good. Aug. 23 (morning) fair. Aug. 24 and 25 adverse. Aug. 26 (afternoon) unpredictable.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Good time ahead, plan wisely. Aug. 23 (early and late) fair. Aug. 24 (daylight) fair. Evening good. Aug. 25 (until 3 p.m.) good, (late afternoon) fair. Aug. 26 (sunset) excellent.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Beware pitfalls, loss, discord on Aug. 21, 22, and 23. Aug. 24 (evening), 25 (to 3 p.m.), 26 (after midday), and 27 (early and midday) fair. Aug. 28 poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Be guarded. Love, partings, opposition, regrets likely. Aug. 21 and 22 (late) poor. Aug. 24 and 25 especially bad. Aug. 26 poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without assuming responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

*** **The Three Caballeros.** Walt Disney's new technique film combining live artists with cartoons is gay and colorful. Adventures of Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, and Panchito are combined with songs and dances featuring chiefly Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina, and Dora Luz. Stealer of the film's honors is the quaint penguin, Pablo. He is one of Disney's most lovable creations.—Mayfair; showing.

*** **Irish Eyes are Smiling.** Add this Fox musical to the never-ending list of nostalgic, lavish, technicolor films. Written round the life of Ernest Ball, ballad writer of the 'nineties, it is more charming and less gaudy than most. Young blonde, and vivacious June Haver and crooner Dick Haymes both show definite promise of stardom, and Monte Woolley gives a lavish helping of his special form of acidulous repartee.—Regent; showing.

*** **Muscle for Millions.** The grand cast of this saccharine number from MGM rises above the cloying story about women of a wartime symphonic orchestra. June Allyson and Margaret O'Brien deserve full marks for their deft avoidance of obvious pitfalls in their roles. There's lots of good music from Ithuriel and orchestra, and Jimmy Durante is tops. Another interest is Larry Adler and his harmonica.—St. James; showing.

* **On Approval.** After a good trick start Clive Brook's film version of the Lonsdale comedy for GBD slumps into heavy-handed whimsy. Even the most eagle-eyed censor would pass the story of a wealthy widow who takes her fiancé on a trial honeymoon. It is a comedy of bad manners, worst exponents being Brook as the smugly selfish Duke of Bristol and Beatrice Lillie as the tartly shrewish Maria Wislake. Roland Culver and Google Withers seem more realistic.—Embassy; showing.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key, Isle of walking dead (Kordies), by **BARON KORD:** Whom Narda agreed to wed if he freed Mandrake. **TRINA:** Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

Mandrake and Lothar pretend to be Kordies. They substitute salt for the powder which Kord adds to drinking water to turn men into Kordies, then knock over the barrels. Unsuspecting guards refill barrels and add salt. Anxiously Mandrake and Lothar watch for Kordies to revive. **NOW READ ON:**



STILL NO CHANGE--AT TWILIGHT, THE LIVING DEAD MARCH STIFFLY BACK TO THE CORRAL FOR THE NIGHT.



KORDIES STILL KORDIES. PERHAPS THEY WILL ALWAYS BE, LOTHAR. I GUESS WE WERE WRONG--



THEN, SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE KORDIES--AS IF WAKING UP FROM A BAD DREAM--SPEAKS!



WHERE--WHERE AM I--?

HOW MUCH DO YOU REMEMBER FROM YOUR KORDIE EXISTENCE?



EVERYTHING! IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE THAT NEVER ENDED!

IT WAS LIKE LIVING IN A HEAVY FOG. I COULD BARELY SEE. VOICES CAME TO ME LIKE WHISPERS--I COULD FEEL NOTHING--



YOU ARE THE FIRST TO COME BACK FROM THE LIVING DEAD--sh-sh--A GUARD--



THE EFFECTS OF KORD'S FORMULA ON THE KORDIES ARE WEARING OFF! WE MUST ACT QUICKLY--SO THE GUARDS DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!



WHAT--WHAT AM I DOING HERE--sh-sh-sh--



I HEARD VOICES IN THERE! DON'T BE A DOPE. KORDIES CAN'T TALK.



WELL, I'M SURE--I-- TAKE IT EASY. THIS WHACKY PLACE IS GETTING YOU.



I CAN SEE--sh--OLD MAN--COME WITH ME--



IN THE CORRAL, THE LIVING DEAD ARE "SNAPPING" BACK TO LIFE--



sh--sh--THIS WAY--

HURRIEDLY, MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR LEAD THE REVIVED KORDIES TO A SHED--



I STILL HEAR VOICES FROM IN THERE. KORDIES CAN'T TALK. YOU OUGHTA HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED.



TO BE CONTINUED

MILESTONES ALONG THE ROAD TO TOKIO



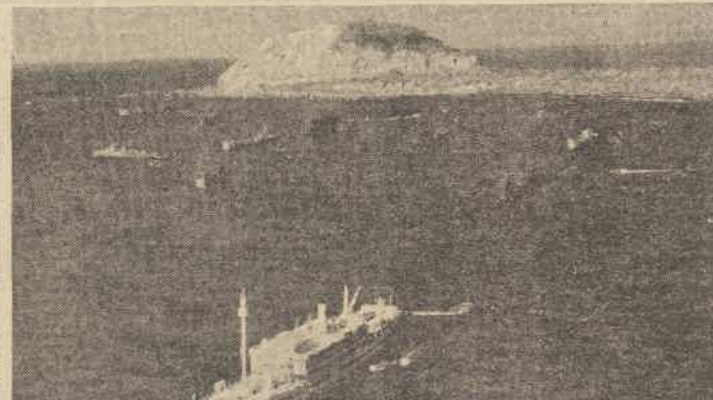
SOLOMONS, August, 1942, U.S. Marines made first Allied landings on territory seized by Japs. In spite of fierce resistance, Americans were using airstrips in 11 days. Later, New Zealand troops relieved the Americans.



LAE, September, 1943. A.I.F.'s first airborne troops, men of the 7th Div., who drove Japs back from Wau, just raced 9th Div., who made shore landing, into town. Magnificent work by the engineers opened up roads.



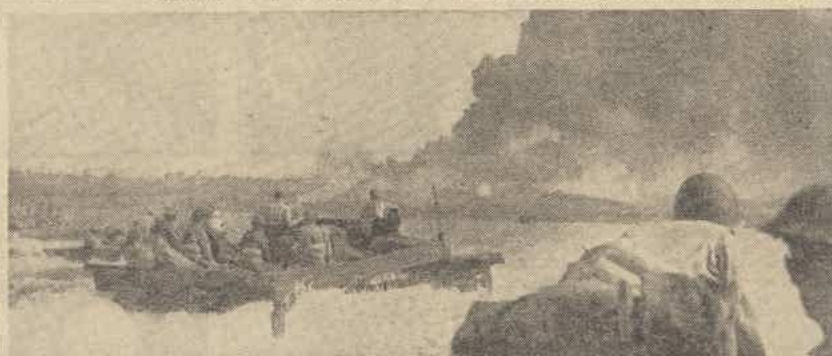
PHILIPPINES, October, 1944. General MacArthur fulfilled promise made when Corregidor fell, "I will return." R.A.N. and R.A.A.F. took part, 600 ships carried 250,000 troops.



IWO JIMA, February, 1945, eight-square-mile volcanic island saw some of the bloodiest fighting of Pacific war. 4700 U.S. Marines killed, 15,308 wounded. For a month there were 10,000 men to square mile on island.



OKINAWA, April, 1945, 320 miles from Japan. U.S. troops landed after 10-day naval assault. Contact with rear forces for evacuation of wounded was made by walkie-talkie.



BALIKPAPAN, July, 1945, ships were massed seven miles out to sea when the 7th Division troops landed following 9th Division landings farther north. R.A.N. and R.A.A.F. took part. Men went ashore in alligators while smoke rose from the bombarded shore.



JAPAN SUBMITS. Thousands who bowed obeisance to the Emperor for earlier victories now bow to the might of British, American, Australian, and Dutch forces as utter defeat avenges China, Singapore, Pearl Harbor, New Guinea, and the Indies.



JOHN DEASE, who conducts "Youth Speaks" for Macquarie network, as well as being quiz-master.

Views of youth expressed

The scope of Macquarie's "Youth Speaks" session is being widened and as a result it is hoped that it will be possible to institute a series of competitions between teams from different States.

THE time of the Sydney broadcast of this session from station 2GB has been altered to 7.30 p.m. every Friday.

Mr. John Dease, who conducts "Youth Speaks," visited Melbourne recently to organize teams of Victorians so that there would be less Sydney flavor about the programme.

He made several experimental programmes, and was well pleased with them. He hopes as a result to arrange broadcasts emanating from Melbourne.

Later he will go to Brisbane and Adelaide for the same purpose.

This will mean that other States will be able to feature in various "Youth Speaks" programmes, and that interstate competitions may be possible.

Many of the boys and girls taking part at present in "Youth Speaks" debates are University or High School students, as these sources provide the best debating talent; but the directors of Macquarie are anxious to widen the scope of the session. They would like to include young members of all social, religious, political, and cultural organizations to ensure full representation by a cross section of the community.

The next subject for debate will be: "Should Britain pursue the balance-of-power policy?"

After this the subjects will be: "Should we encourage mass immigration?" "Should there be commercialised entertainment on Sunday?" and "Should Canberra cease to be the seat of Government?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day, from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 23: Reg. Ed. reads "Gardening Talk."

THURSDAY, August 24 (from 4.30 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau reads.

FRIDAY, August 25: The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Goodie News in 'Gems of Melody'."

SATURDAY, August 26: Goodie News presents "a ditty competition, 'Melody Pursues'."

SUNDAY, August 27 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 28: Goodie News' "Letters from the Services."

TUESDAY, August 29: Goodie News presents "Musical Quiz."

Fashion PATTERNS

* PLEASE NOTE!—To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary \$1 a p.p. postal notes, and COUPONS. * Make him required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.



Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. TARMANTAGUI, Box 184C, G.P.O., Melbourne, N.Z. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney (N.Z. readers use money orders only).

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME SURNAME

STREET TOWN

STATE SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 25/8/45.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 617. SUIT FOR 1 TO 4-YEAR-OLDS.

Pattern of this little suit is traced clearly on British cotton, and is ready to cut out and make up. It comes in shades of copen-blue, sandalwood, beige, blue-green, or sea-green.

Design shows a square neckline and shoulder yoke outlined with contrast band on which is stamped animal motifs for working in embroidery. Front is buttoned, sleeves are short, with contrast band also. Trousers are straight and tailored with self-belted waistline. The copen-blue, sea-green, and blue-green are trimmed with beige contrast, and the sandalwood beige is trimmed with sea-green contrast.

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 6 1/2 (13 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 7 1/2 (13 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 8 1/2 (16 coupons). Postage, 3d. extra.



No. 618. O'OLEYS READY TO WORK.

Traced clearly on British white cotton, these dainty o'oleys are ready for you to embroider.

Edges of each mat are finished for buttonhole stitch, and the designs are simple but effective. The square mat is 5 1/2 in. x 6 1/2 in., the round mat 8 1/2 in. x 8 1/2 in., and the two sandwich mats, 5 1/2 in. x 1 1/2 in.

Price 8d each, postage, 1 1/2 extra.



FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"LOUISE."

Spring Frock in Tie-silk Rayon.

This frock is both simple and smart, and the material is most unusual, showing a quaint pattern of top-hats, horseshoes, and rabbits, printed on a background of rich gold, scarlet-red, lime-green, or navy-blue. Material is of excellent quality of a medium light weight. Make second choice when ordering.

Neckline shows a double-roll collar with extended tie to form soft bow at neck. Shoulders are well extended; full sleeves are banded at wrists. Loosely bloused bodice is nipped in under the bust with darts. Waist is self-belted and fastened at front. Skirt is gored and softly flared.

Ready To Wear:

Sizes 32 to 34 in. bust, 68/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38 and 40 in. bust, 76/6 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only:

Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, 42/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38 and 40 in. bust, 50/6 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9 extra.



F2864.—It's new and you'll love it. Do note the cape sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4 yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2867.—You'll feel smart in this cool summer frock. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4 yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2864.—This trim little suit is ideal for the warmer days to come. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2865.—Count on this jerkin, skirt and blouse for days of endless wear and comfort. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36 in. wide, blouse; 3 1/2 yds., 36 in. wide, jerkin and skirt. Pattern, 1/7.



SMILING COUPLE. Captain Barry Haven, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Betty Brooke-Smith, leaving St. Philip's Church after their marriage. Betty is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brooke-Smith, of Sydney, formerly of Crookwell.



LEAVING church, F/Lt. Don Eisenhauer, D.F.C., R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Shirley Arnott, daughter of the Rev. Arnott, of Strathfield, leave St. Anne's Church, Strathfield, by car for reception at bride's home.



INTERESTING WEDDING. F/Lt. Harvey Tonkin, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Mrs. Dorothy Robertson, widow of P/O. Graham Robertson, R.A.A.F., and daughter of Mrs. Scott McLeod, of Terrica, Queensland, leave St. Stephen's Church.



TEA-PARTY at Conservatorium. Richard Farrell, Dr. Edgar Bainton, and Noel Newton-Wood snapped with Elizabeth Todd (left) and Joan Robson-Green at party in grounds of Conservatorium.



CELEBRATION IN THE AIR. Gay party at Roosevelt in aid of Frank Saywell Kindergarten starts off round of pre-peace parties as gay throng take to dance floor wearing lovely dinner gowns. Approximately £350 was raised for important post-war kindergarten work.



THIRD BIRTHDAY PARTY. Maureen Clynne (left), Lieut. J. Preston, Mrs. Nora Randall, Joanna Waite, Lee Langley, Joyce Fogarty, Lieut. E. McKee, and F/Lieut. Ron Osborne (right) cut cake at Arrow's Club's third birthday.



MARRIED IN ATHENS. Picture from London of actress Pat Burke, daughter of popular stage star Marie Burke, and her husband, Group-Captain Duncan Macdonald, D.S.O., A.F.C., R.A.F., who were married in Athens last May.

On and Off DUTY.

LUNCH at Wrannery, H.M.A.S. Kuttabul, and hear about Wrans "boot-blackening and lacing" nights. In case this doesn't make sense to you I'll explain that Wrans have volunteered to have old Service shoes repaired to be sent to UNRRA, and special nights are set aside to clean shoes and put new laces in before they're packed off.

Each Wran donated a shilling to cover cost of repairs, and has also donated a handkerchief and needles and cotton to be put in the pockets of garments sent off to liberated countries.

Getting ready for peace, the girls are also parcelling up old civilian clothes to send off.

Great plans for peacetime wardrobes are also in progress and servicegirls are looking forward to day when they can emerge from their uniforms and get into feminine-looking dresses again.

MAIL days loom importantly for Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rigg, of McMahon's Point, these days, as they receive lots of newsy letters from their daughter, Mrs. Alfred Miller, of Seattle. Mrs. Miller was, before her marriage in America in June, Winifred Jean Rigg.

BACK this week from honeymoon at Leura are Bernard Ryder and his bride, formerly Nonie Musgrave. Couple wed recently at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Wollongong. Nonie is only child of late B. A. Musgrave, of Cremorne, and Mrs. A. Musgrave, of Wollongong. Bernard is only son of late D. B. Ryder, of Perth, W.A., and Mrs. M. Ryder, of Wollongong.



COCKTAIL PARTY COMMITTEE. Patricia Corrigan, Margot McNeen, and Shirley McAllister, members of the Old Contemptibles' Younger Set, will be hostesses at a cocktail party to be held at the Pickwick Club this Friday.

DURING her jaunt to Brisbane Mrs. Dick de Meyrick leaves her young son Jonathan in care of his grandparents, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. F. de Meyrick, of Camula. Mrs. de Meyrick, who was Virginia Deeley, of Adelaide, before her marriage, has come from her home State to visit Sydney, and has spent about a month in Brisbane at the Canberra Hotel while her husband is attending a school there.

Virginia and Dick are spending a few days' short leave at Southport.

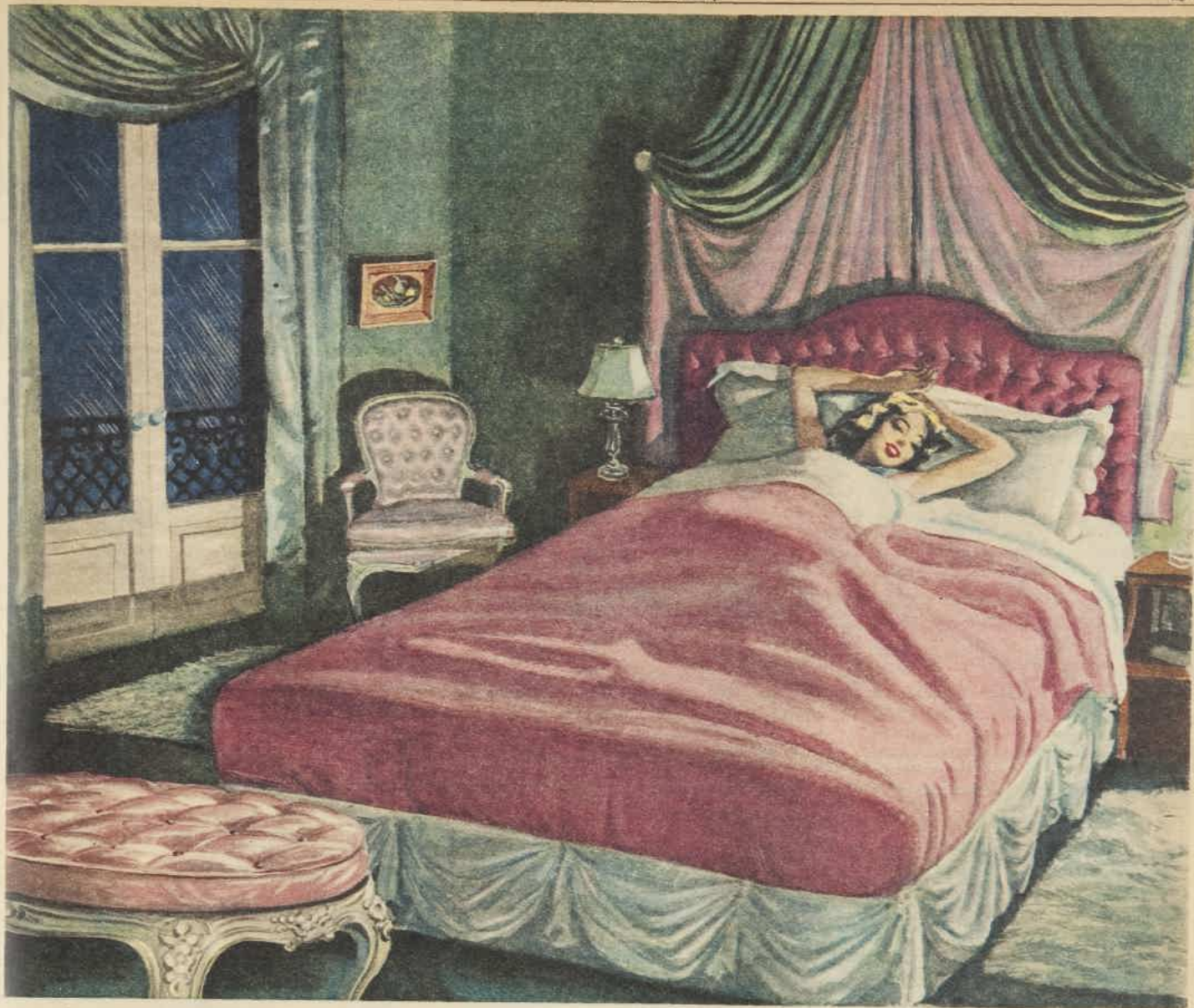
POSTWAR plans already being made by Sergeant David McEvoy, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Peggy Gilmore, who were married at St. Joseph's Church, Burwood Heights. Peggy, who is only daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. J. Gilmore, U.S. Army in the Philippines, and of Mrs. Gilmore, of Rabaul, New Guinea, and now of Strathfield, hopes to return to Rabaul with her husband to plantation property of cocoa and coconuts. Peggy's brother, Lieut. John Gilmore, D.C.M., A.I.F., who was married just a few weeks back to Frances Caldicott, had leave for his sister's wedding and was best man at ceremony.

VICTORY in the air has special meaning to Peggy Nott, of Armidale, who plans marriage with fiancé, Lieut.-Colonel Rex Beeke, A.A.M.C., who is in Borneo. Peggy is assistant commandant of local Voluntary Aid Detachment and hon. secretary of A.C.P. Younger Set in her spare time after office job.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY: Recital by Lily Kolos at the Sydney Conservatorium on September 1 in aid of Australian and Czechoslovakian Red Cross. Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set, who are co-operating with the Czech Red Cross in organising the recital, will act as programme sellers and usherettes at concert.

DREAM of honeymoon in Cornwall after the war looks nearer to newly engaged Wren Margaret Gates, of Manchester, England, and Private Herbert Ryan, A.M.F., ex-A.I.F., with news of peace. Herbert is only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hunt, of Waverley, formerly of West Kensington, London. Margaret is wearing three diamonds set in white gold.

Joyce



Let it Rain, let it Blow . . .

When the rain swirls down and the wind moans around the eaves . . . when the streets are awash and the cold drives even the policeman to shelter . . . then is the time to cuddle down and savour in full the soft, restful cosiness of the famous Warrnambool Blankets. What an invitation to dreamless sleep!

While the war is still to be won Warrnambool Blankets must be made to meet the need for austerity. But, with Peace, from the famous Warrnambool looms will come blankets in the softest pastel shades of Peach, Iris, Primrose, Orchid and Lily, to match your furnishings. Blankets made by master craftsmen from the pick of the fleeces of

the world's finest merino flocks on Victoria's Western Slopes. Warrnambool Blankets sold under guarantee to last for years and years and to give cosy, healthful warmth without undue weight.

Warrnambool

BLANKETS and RUGS

WARMER WOOL FROM WARRNAMBOOL





1 AT HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN, Cpl. Slim Green (Robert Hutton) asks advice from President Bette Davis about how he can meet his dream girl, Joan Leslie.



2 TO HELP SLIM achieve his ambition, famous stars arrange a faked lottery and he is announced as the winner of first prize, which is a kiss from Joan Leslie.



3 ALSO at Canteen is Slim's friend, Sgt. Nolan (Dane Clark), who partners Joan Crawford in jitterbug dance.



4 IN LOVE WITH JOAN, Slim visits her home and meets Mr. Leslie (Jonathan Hale), Mrs. Leslie (Barbara Brown), and Joan's real life sister Betty Brodel.

Sixty-two stars in gay musical



5 ROMANCE develops at Canteen between Sgt. Nolan and studio guide (Janis Paige), though Nolan admires dancer Joan McCracken.



6 AS celebrities Joseph Szigeti and Jack Benny come to Canteen to perform for soldiers, they are welcomed by Bette Davis.



7 WHEN SLIM'S leave ends, Joan goes to the station to say good-bye and promises to wait till he returns.

...But don't you have to be *Rich* to invest?

SOME folks have the idea that investments are a rich man's hobby. They know about Savings Stamps and Certificates—the "little" man's easy way to save. But when it comes to War Loans they think they "can't afford" to buy the Bonds and share in the valuable returns which these investments bring.

But that's not so.

Anyone with a few pounds can be in on a War Loan. And who hasn't some cash to spare these days? If you have a lot, so much the better. In any case, your Bonds carry interest and are readily saleable should you ever need the cash.

It's worth thinking out now what you can put into the next Victory Loan—to provide for the future and to back the final drive to Japan. You don't have to wait for the Loan to open—you can make an advance subscription now. Your money will immediately start earning interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. or 3½ per cent. per annum.

Think it over. Keep your spending to essentials. Plan to invest the most you can. And don't be afraid to be one of the many whose small investments will make up the millions Australia needs.

Any way you look at the war, the job's not done till Victory's won and every man back home.

THE FOURTH VICTORY LOAN opens on September 25. Start saving now for YOUR Bonds. If you have cash saved, subscribe now in amounts of £10 and upwards. Full loan interest is paid on advance subscriptions from the day you lodge your money with any bank, savings bank, or stockbroker. Then start saving more to buy more Victory Bonds by instalments when the Loan is open. Victory Bonds are issued in denominations of £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000. Fill in the name of your district when making your application and help your local quota.



A new triumph for Lournay

Heralding a new era in feminine loveliness, Lournay now extends its modern range of beauty preparations by introducing new colours in face powder, lipstick and rouge. Exhilarating Champagne face powder . . . with just a faint hint of gold to give a glow to your skin . . . comes hand in glove with the tantalising red

of Paprika lipstick and rouge.

Abandon caution and the dull things of life and let yourself be carried away on the crest of these enchanting new colours. You'll be a gayer, more lovely person with the new intriguing sparkle that only Champagne face powder and Paprika lipstick and rouge together can give.



the NEW

Champagne
FACE POWDER

Mist-fine in texture and exquisitely perfumed with the fragile fragrance that belongs only to Lournay. Foundation Film also comes in the new Champagne.



the NEW

Paprika

LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Satin-smooth lipstick that is so easy to apply, and so truly indelible. Rouge to match, of course!

Lournay

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



Charles Dargatz

3/755

Australian nurse meets the King at party

A conversation with the King at a Buckingham Palace garden party was the thrill of her life for a nurse, who was one of about 195 Australians being entertained by Their Majesties.

Capt. Clare McMahon, A.A.N.S., describes the party in her letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McMahon, Bourke, N.S.W.:

I HAVE had a glorious thrill. A visit to Buckingham Palace, where I talked with the King.

"It was a garden party, at which Their Gracious Majesties entertained Service members of the Dominions, mostly P.O.W. lads. I shall never forget my excitement as I walked with our boys through the lovely hall and rooms to the garden beyond.

"The informality of the afternoon was impressive.

"We clustered together, forming a square, Canadian, South Africans, New Zealanders, Indians, and Aussies.

"The King and Queen, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose stepped on to the terrace. The King took the salute as the National Anthem was played.

"I knew there was a lump in many throats, even those of lads who call themselves tough.

"At the foot of the steps the Royal party divided. The King and Princess Elizabeth came round our side and the Queen and Margaret Rose moved along the other.

"They talked and chatted to everyone. You can imagine my ex-

citement seeing our 'Number One Man' shake hands a short distance away. I did not think he would pause so soon again, but next thing I realised the King was saying hello to me.

"He asked me where I had served and how long, and added, 'You certainly have been round.'

"Princess Elizabeth was talking to a lad by my side. She is most attractive.

"There were about 195 Aussies present and about the same from other Dominions. Everyone looked so very nice and well turned out. It was a proud moment for us all."

Dvr. C. A. W. Moyle, Nth. Borneo, to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Moyle, Rosewater Garden, S.A.:

THE last few nights there have been a few Nips roaming round on their pat, and causing a bit of uneasiness. I went out on a job before breakfast and a short distance away suddenly came upon quite a number of Nips who had paid the price for harassing the good cause.

"It was quite a shock and I don't mind admitting I began to feel a bit uneasy, for I was unarmed.

"Another time, I got too close to

a sniper for my good health, and I broke all records driving flat out, as again I was unarmed. I stick close to my rifle now."

Pte. A. Owen-Jones, Bougainville, to Miss Lorna Merritt, Innisfail, Qld.:

TO-DAY church was conducted in an old dugout, with a tent stretched across the top to keep out the elements. It was rather crowded with twelve persons plus cases of bully beef, grenades, and tins of biscuits. Nevertheless, it was the same service, conducted with as much, if not more, fervor than in ordinary surroundings."

THE letters you receive from your men—talk in the fighting Services will interest and consider the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

"LOOK, this is

hard to say, Tip," Johnny said to me. "I think it's the hardest thing that I've ever had to say. I love you, Tip. I want to marry you—one day. But the thing I've got to say is: that day isn't yet. No, don't say anything. Wait a minute, please, Tip." (We went on walking, though I had tried to stop.) "It's not that I don't want. It's that I can't, Tip. You're so awfully young. And I—well, I'm kind of young. I've not got a bean. There's simply no way, Tip. We'll have to wait."

"For years and years and years?" My voice was angry, but Johnny's was still gentle. "And years, maybe. I don't know, nobody does. The thing is, Tip, I don't see any alternative."

"If you don't," I said, "there isn't any love." It seemed to me the alternative was simple: get married, and love each other, and take what comes. But that's the sort of thing a girl can't say to a man. I've never before stopped saying anything, ever. But to-night in the dark with Johnny—there it was, somehow. I said to myself: Growing up in a night, that's what this is.

"What did you say?" said Johnny. I said, "Nothing."

"All that stuff about not telling the parents—it was the truth, Tip. Not wanting to spoil things for them, or get them worried. Only the thing was: it wasn't the whole truth. It isn't any good, Tip, darling. I'm sorry."

"After all," I said, "it only means putting things off, Johnny. I've only been put off—I haven't been turned down cold."

And then I was tight in Johnny's arms suddenly. "If you ever say anything like that again, I'll beat you."

And then we started to talk silly things together. To this day I haven't the slightest idea what we said. And then we were home at the gate, and Johnny was kissing me, so gently and sweetly that it was like good-bye.

"Good-night, ducks," he said. "See you in church to-morrow."

It was meant to be funny, but neither of us could laugh.

I suppose, in a story, I really ought to say how that I lay awake all night wide-eyed, staring ahead. The truth is the first thing I knew was mother bringing me tea.

I said, half awake: "You look disgustingly happy."

Mother kissed me, nearly spilling the tea. "I am!"

So then I felt sort of pleased, though it was small comfort, that at least I hadn't interfered with that.

Then mother said: "Tip, I suppose this'll sound very small beer to you. But I hope that one day you'll be as happy as I am."

I hopped out of bed in case I howled then and there.

HAEMORRHOIDS

Why go on suffering pain and discomfort? For quick and lasting relief, start immediately a course of Amelia Haworth's Haemorrhoid Treatment. A time-tested proven formula. Many years' success. Course 12/6, post free, from AMELIA HAWORTH, 177 Collins St., Melbourne, and 88 Castlereagh St., Sydney (Tel. B3M1).



FROM THE NORTH came this snap of a group of servicemen, sent by Pte. F. W. Harrop, H.Q., First Aust. Army, to Mrs. C. H. Harrop, 87 Kensington Road, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Wish Me Good-bye

Continued from page 5

I've always thought myself that the chores of a wedding (the phone calls, the telegrams, and the parcels and flowers) must be awful fun; but when they happened that morning they kind of piled up till I couldn't bear any more.

I got dressed. I looked smashing, and it didn't mean a thing to me.

Aunt Mary and mother kept patting each other's hair, and mother looked marvellous, she's never looked lovelier.

Then Aunt Mary came to my room and pretended to help me by pinning up curls that immediately fell down, and I knew that she wanted to help me with more than my hair-do. And I wanted to get the whole thing off my chest, but not to someone nice like Aunt Mary. To someone nasty. Someone who'd know the way I felt.

So I made some excuse and went by myself in the garden. And as soon as I got there Johnny looked over the wall, and I knew he'd spent hours and hours trying to think up some nice way of saying what he'd said last night, only so it wouldn't hurt; and I couldn't stand any more,

and I thought suddenly: I know who I want to tell—it's Aunt Angele.

So I backed away from Johnny while I said to him: "Sorry, I've promised to meet Aunt Angele at twelve. I'm dashing off to the station. Tell mother, will you?"

Aunt Angele came off the train looking absolutely hand-box. She gave me one look. "My dear Tip..."

"I've got a taxi," I said.

"The taxi was waiting. We both got in. She said to the driver: 'Drive.' And as she shut the windows and the glass slide between us: 'Well, Tip?'

I said: 'Aunt Angele, I'm in terrible trouble.'

I burst into tears. Then it all came rushing out.

"Tip, my child," she said at last. "If I were Johnny I should probably say: Let's dash off to Gretna Green. But I'm not Johnny. Johnny's himself, which is why you love him. And it's one of the very hardest lessons to learn—that you love a man, often, because he's himself so completely that he won't and can't do what you want him to."

Please turn to page 29

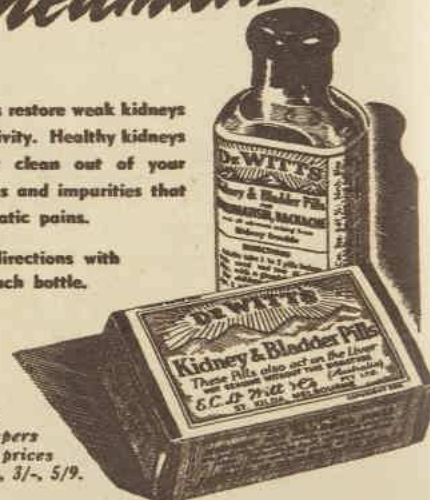
DE WITT'S PILLS A GREAT HELP FOR

Rheumatism

De Witt's Pills restore weak kidneys to healthy activity. Healthy kidneys will promptly clean out of your system poisons and impurities that cause Rheumatic pains.

Full directions with each bottle.

Of Chemists and Storekeepers everywhere: prices . . . 1/9, 3/-, 5/9.



DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS



Yes, PERSIL gives the whitest wash!

LONG though your washing experience may have been, it takes a Persil wash to show you what real whiteness means. Persil is quite different from anything else you may have used because its oxygen-charged suds go deep down into the weave, easing out every trace of dirt and rubbed-in grime. Your things come up whiter because they come up cleaner. You'll never be satisfied with anything else once you see Persil whiteness.



Original idea for playgrounds

WHY not give children the sort of playground they would enjoy most?

Mr. A. J. Moffat, of U.S.A., has designed a playground as suggested by children of a "tough" district.

They were tired and bored with the conventional play equipment, and preferred to scramble around unfinished buildings and along walls.

Mr. Moffat's solution was to build a wall four feet high of cement blocks with eels and cross sections that looked like a house foundation.

What possibilities this has for the child's mind! It could be an imaginary house, aeroplane hangar, garage, playhouse, and ideal for hide-and-seek.

Another idea was to satisfy the love of the front-door steps. A set of steps big and broad was provided for playing house, receiving visitors, amateur concerts, or even for scribbling with chalk. A cave to explore and hide in was really an old pipe.

11 to Miss May Meiler, Auburn, S.A.

Eliminating snobbery

MRS. DORIS HARDCASTLE'S idea (July 21) that all schools to grade six be State-controlled, with a view to eliminating snobbery and teaching class tolerance, seems excellent on the surface.

I'm afraid this scheme in operation would defeat its own purpose. Inferiority complexes have less chance to breed while the sons and daughters of the rich are not in close daily contact with their less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Snobbery is present even in our State schools, and the daughter of a flourishing tradesman is pandered to and has a greater following than the daughter of a very poor family.

These contrasts would become more acute if children from very different income groups were mixed.

5/- to Mrs. C. R. Wightman, Balibla Rd., Caulfield, Vic.

What's on your mind?

Women never retire

MOST men retire at 60 or 65, but women never actually retire from housekeeping. In one way it is a blessing. We often see men who, without work, have lost their interest and grip of life.

We must not forget that, although a man has the benefit of retiring, he has had a long life of bread-winning which has left its mark. He



has not been able to relax except in his leisure hours, whereas a woman is able to take a rest now and then.

5/- to Mrs. Judith Johnson, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 50 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-name.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unsolicited letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Shakespeare in schools

WHY doesn't the Education Department see that good productions of Shakespearean plays are put on for schoolchildren?

Children's imaginations are stimulated if players wear attractive costumes, and if good scenery is provided.

5/- to Margaret Auld, 46 Colin St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

Wish Me Good-bye

Continued from page 28

that love. But I've never loved anyone like that—really, properly. D'you want to know what I was doing last night?"

She looked at me then, with a sort of tired-out honesty, and I didn't say anything, because I couldn't.

"I was trying to get a man. And it didn't come off, Tip. It didn't come off, Tip, because I just didn't care. In the middle I thought: I want to be home, being my age, and darned somebody's socks. I sometimes get so bored being seductive. I can do it all right—but oh, it's such a bore. Just listen to me. If you're in love with this Johnny—"

"I'm in love with this Johnny." "I know thank your lucky stars, Tip. I know exactly how you feel. How thwarted. I should, I've been feeling like it for twenty years. But you love him. And do you think that getting married is going to make so much difference to you, Tip? You do love him. You're lucky. Isn't that enough, Tip. How long have you got?"

"Five days." "Well, you go home and live them—you're lucky. I'd give twenty years of my life to have those five days. Go home and be happy, and don't forget it, ever."

"Oh, Aunt Angele!" I said; and we changed over shoulders and suddenly Aunt Angele was sniffing on mine.

"Then we both sat up and powdered our faces as best we might, and giggled a bit, and opened the glass partition and said to the driver: 'Stop driving, and take us home.'"

And then, in a minute, it seemed, we were at the wedding. And mother and Dr. Elson were saying their bits so clearly you'd think they wanted the world to hear them.

I looked at Johnny and he looked at me, sort of pleadingly. He was trying to say with a look what he couldn't say. And somehow something tasted salt on my mouth suddenly. And I thought: Somebody weeping? Why, it's me!

It was over at last, and we were all in the vestry, kissing each other, and mother was looking (honestly) nineteen, and Aunt Mary and Aunt Angele walked out together, and left Johnny and me to bring up the rear.

Johnny put his hand through my arm and held my hand gently. "Tip—"

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES, send 2/- stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to: DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 271-9 Collins St., Melbourne, C.I. 70822.

Postwar travel

MISS BRADDOCK'S suggestion for "instalment plan for travelling" (14/7/45) would be very helpful. I think that after the war all countries should combine to make cheap travel possible. Before the war, only the well-to-do could afford it, but luxury travel is not necessary. To avoid insularity we should not be trapped in one country all our lives.

5/- to Mrs. A. Lewis, 19 High St., Carlton, N.S.W.

Ticket sellers

I OFTEN wonder why, at large and busy railway stations, people have to queue up for platform tickets.

I know with war there is a big shortage of manpower.

But why not have a separate entrance to the platform for platform ticket-holders, and a woman could sell tickets and give change from a bag over her shoulder.

5/- to Mrs. J. E. Kidd, Windsor, S.W. Qld.

Equality for women

EQUALITY for women is often spoken of as achieved, but it is not yet fully realised.

The importance of woman's position and influence in the home is recognised, but in the majority of cases she is dependent on her husband's goodwill for an allowance for herself.

The economic bog is often raised against equal pay for women, but as long as lower rates are paid to them for equal work, women will remain a source of cheap labor, and end-danger employment for men.

5/- to Sybil M. Fraser, "Yarr House," Ballina, N.S.W.

Price control

LET us hope that Price Control will remain after the war. It will help to ward off a depression. We had our lesson after the last war. Soldiers were discharged, and received good gratuities. Prices soared, and in a few years there was a fearful depression.

Many goods will be scarce for quite a time after the war, but with price control everyone can have a share.

5/- to Mrs. H. Danvers, Campo, 1 Locke St., New Farm, Qld.

Wandering children

I SUGGEST to worried mothers whose children have a habit of wandering and often get lost this method of teaching the children to



repeat their name and address and suburb in which they live.

Let them learn it like a nursery rhyme, and they would then know it by heart.

5/- to Mrs. C. Morris, 98 Park St., South Melbourne.

(Copyright)

Stuart Crystal

What a shame it is that so many wartime brides have had to forgo the pleasure of owning Stuart Crystal! But perhaps Mother could be persuaded to part with a few cherished pieces until shops are stocked again!



STUART & SONS LTD., STOURBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
Australia: L. J. Wahler & Co., Tarnamua House,
Flinders Lane, Melbourne. 210, Clarence St., Sydney.

EVERYTHING NECESSARY for successful dyeing is in the packet

NOTHING TO ADD TO—

PRINCESS DYES

FAST IN THE TROPICS

FAST EVERYWHERE

DOUBLE SIZE PACKET . . . 1/-

Ask to see the PRINCESS Colour Card

QUICKER RELIEF FROM THAT COLD SAVES VAPORUB FOR FUTURE COLDS



To relieve colds quicker, remember that the back is just as close to the congestion as the chest. Rub VapoRub on the back as well as on the throat and chest.

IT'S WONDERFUL how much relief your child gets when you rub Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime.

LIKE A POWERTICE VapoRub warms chest and back . . . "draws out" tightness and congestion. At the same time . . .

MEDICATED VAPOURS, released from VapoRub, are breathed in straight

to the irritated air-passages and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, and calm the cough.

WITH ALL these miseries relieved, your little patient can sleep and next morning, most likely, will wake feeling much better.

AND REMEMBER, the faster you break up a cold, the more VapoRub you save for future colds.

VICKS VAPORUB

Soft Stillness—

*"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."*

"MERCHANT OF VENICE," ACT 5, SCENE 1.



The "soft stillness" of cushioned grassy banks becomes part of the home where every floor is Feltex clad Restful alike to body and mind the silent luxury of Feltex floor covering is ever welcome at the close of the busy day.

Even in the restricted range available today there is a shade of Feltex to harmonise with any furnishing scheme.

INSIST ON THE GENUINE FELTEX — LOOK FOR THE NAME

FELTEX

FELT AND TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS OF PLAIN AND MARBLED FELTEX



MATERIALS: 12 skeins (2oz.) Lincoln Mills "Thistledown" wool; 1 pair No. 6 and 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; 8 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34-35 in. bust. Sleeve seam, 17 inches; depth from shoulder, 23 1/2 inches.

Tension: 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1 inch. **Important:** To obtain the best results and correctly proportioned garment, the following three points are essential:—(1) Use the exact wool specified; (2) Use the correct size of needles; (3) keep knitting tension strictly in accordance with instructions.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles cast on 82 sts. and knit 2 rows. Pattern:—

1st Row: (K 2, p 8) until 2 sts. remain, k 2.

2nd Row: (P 2, k 8) until 2 sts. remain, p 2.

3rd Row: K 4 (p 4, k 6) until 8 sts. remain, p 4, k 4.

4th Row: P 4 (k 4, p 6) until 8 sts. remain, k 4, p 4.

5th Row: K 2 (p 1, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 1, k 2) to end of row.

6th Row: P 2 (k 1, p 2, k 2, p 2, k 1, p 2) to end of row.

7th Row: K 2, p 2 (k 4, p 2, k 2, p 2) until 8 sts. remain, k 4, p 2, k 2.

8th Row: P 2, k 2 (p 4, k 2, p 2, k 2) until 8 sts. remain, p 4, k 2, p 2.

9th Row: P 1, p 2 tog., p 2 (k 2, p 2) until 7 sts. remain, k 2, p 2, p 2 tog., p 1.

10th Row: K 4 (p 2, k 8) until 6 sts. remain, p 2, k 4.

11th Row: P 2 (k 6, p 4) until 8 sts. remain, k 6, p 2.

12th Row: K 2 (p 6, k 4) until 8 sts. remain, p 6, k 2.

13th Row: P 1 (k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 2) until 9 sts. remain, (k 2, p 1) 3 times.

14th Row: K 1 (p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1,

HAND-KNIT CLASSIC

● Look smart as you please in this becoming version of a jaunty knitted jacket. It's specially designed on the new and youthful lines of this season and will fit a 34-35 bust.

p 2, k 2) until 9 sts. remain, (p 2, k 1) 3 times.

15th Row: P 1, p 2 tog., p 1 (k 2, p 2, k 4, p 2) until 6 sts. remain, k 2, p 1, p 2 tog., p 1.

16th Row: K 3 (p 2, k 2, p 4, k 2) until 5 sts. remain, p 2, k 3.

Rows 1-16 (without decreases), complete pattern.

Continue in pattern decreasing 1 st. each end of 21st, 25th, 29th, and 33rd rows. Increase 1 st. each end of 36th and every 7th row following until there are 92 rows in pattern (86 sts.).

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row following until 58 sts. remain.

Continue without further decrease until there are 46 rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of each of next 4 rows, then 7 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows.

Leave remaining 20 sts. on a spare needle.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 6 needles cast on 18 sts. Knit in stocking-stitch for 20 rows. Leave on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 45 sts.

1st Row: Knit until 9 sts. remain, (p 1, k 4) 4 times, p 1.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times, knit to end of row.

Pattern:—

1st Row: (K 2, p 8) 3 times, k 2, p 5 (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times, k 5 (p 2, k 8) 3 times, p 2.

3rd Row: K 4 (p 4, k 6) 3 times, p 3 (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

28th Row: Cast off 10 sts., work to end of row. Decrease 1 st. at neck edge every row until 19 sts. remain, then continue on these sts. until there are 46 rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of 47th and 49th rows and 7 sts. at beginning of 51st row.

4th Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times, k 3 (p 6, k 4) 3 times, p 4.

5th Row: (K 2, p 1, k 2, p 2, k 2, p 1) 3 times, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 2 (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

6th Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times (k 2, p 2, k 1, p 2) 3 times, k 2, p 2, k 1, p 2.

7th Row: K 2, p 2 (k 4, p 2, k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 3 (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

8th Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times, p 3 (k 2, p 2, k 2, p 4) 3 times, k 2, p 2.

9th Row: P 1, p 2 tog., p 2 (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2 (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

Continue in pattern to correspond with back for 26 rows, keeping a border of 8 sts. at front edge in ribbing, and decreasing 1 st. at beginning of 15th, 21st, and 25th rows.

27th Row: Pattern 9 sts., cast off 18 sts., slip one set of pocket sts. on to needle in place of those cast off, work remaining 14 sts. in pattern.

Continue in pattern, decreasing 1 st. at beginning of 29th and 33rd rows, then increasing 1 st. at armhole edge of 36th and every 7th row following until there are 92 rows in pattern. (47 sts.).

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then decrease 1 st. at armhole edge every row until 33 sts. remain. Continue without further decrease until there are 27 rows in armhole.

28th Row: Cast off 10 sts., work to end of row. Decrease 1 st. at neck edge every row until 19 sts. remain, then continue on these sts. until there are 46 rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of 47th and 49th rows and 7 sts. at beginning of 51st row.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 45 sts.

1st Row: (P 1, k 1) 4 times, p 1, knit to end of row.

2nd Row: Knit until 8 sts. remain, (p 1, k 1) 4 times.

Pattern:—

1st Row: (P 1, k 1) 4 times, p 5 (k 2, p 8) 3 times, k 2.

2nd Row: (P 2, k 8) 3 times, p 2, k 5, (p 1, k 1) 4 times.

3rd Row: (P 1, k 1) 4 times, p 3 (k 6, p 4) 3 times, k 4.

4th Row: P 4 (k 4, p 6) 3 times, k 3, p 1, k 1, p 1, cast off 3 sts., p 1, k 1.

5th Row: P 1, k 1, cast on 3 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, p 2, k 2, p 1, k 2 (p 1, k 2, p 2, k 1, p 2) 3 times.

Now continue to correspond with side already worked, but with shapings at opposite ends of rows and working further buttonholes on 20th pattern row and every 16th row following until there are 8 buttonholes in all. Complete to correspond with left side.

SLEEVES

Cast on 36 sts. and knit 2 rows.

Pattern:—

1st Row: P 2 (k 2, p 8) 3 times, k 2, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2 (p 2, k 8) 3 times, p 2, k 2.

Continue to work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of 9th row and then every 8th row following until there are 48 sts. on needle (49th row), then each end of every 5th row until there are 100 rows in pattern. (66 sts.).

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at each end of 7th



A snow-white yarn was chosen for this beautifully designed jacket, but you can knit it in any color that suits your coloring and personality. Note that it fits size 34-35.

and every 5th row following until there are 37 rows in armhole and 38 sts. remain. 38th Row: K 1 (k 2 tog.) 3 times, work until 7 sts. remain (k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 1.

39th Row: K 1 (p 2 tog.) twice, (k 2 tog.) twice, work until 9 sts. remain (k 2 tog.) twice, (p 2 tog.) twice, k 1.

40th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., p 2 tog., (k 2 tog.) twice, (p 2 tog.) 3 times, (k 2 tog.) twice, p 2 tog., k 2 tog., k 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work. Join shoulder seams, sleeve and side seams. Set in sleeves.

POCKET TOP

Using No. 8 needles pick up and knit 27 sts. along the cast-off row of pocket opening (to get the required number pick up 1 st. between every 2nd and 3rd st.). Work in ribbing k 1, p 1 for 5 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and beginning at 7th st. from edge of right front, pick up and knit 78 sts. around neck, ending at 7th st. from edge of left front. Work in ribbing k 1, p 1 for 7 rows. Cast off.

Sew pocket flaps to inside of jacket and join ends of pocket tops to jacket. Sew buttons in position on left front.

Established in 1797



KEILLER'S
for
Marmalade

FULL SUPPLIES ARE COMING SOON!

Agent: S. Parker Wood, Sydney

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL
IRRITATION

BOILS
SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness, due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and sore throat.

Apply an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Effective and soothing for several hours.

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also relieves pain, reduces swelling, limbers up stiff aching muscles due to a sprain, bruise, similar injury or condition. It is also effective for boils. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE at your chemist or store today.

HOW JEAN BECAME A GUNNER'S MATE

CHEER UP, SIS. EVERY NOW AND THEN I CATCH YOU LOOKING KINDA DOWN. AREN'T YOU GLAD I'M BACK?

OF COURSE, JIM. ONLY I HAD SOME BAD NEWS LAST NIGHT. BOB'S NOT... SEEING ME ANY MORE.

EH, JEAN, WHAT IS THIS? I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO A DECENT BASH BUT I CAN'T FIND THE LIFEBOUY. WHERE IS IT?

I'M AFRAID WE HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING LIFEBOUY SO REGULARLY SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, JIM.

GEE, SIS! THAT'S ASKING FOR TROUBLE. ANYWAY THAT EXPLAINS THE BREAK-UP BETWEEN YOU AND THAT SWELL GUNNER OF YOURS.

I WAS MAD TO RISK 'B.O.' THE WAY I DID. BUT NEVER AGAIN. LIFEBOUY CONTAINS A SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT. THAT'S WHY IT STOPS 'B.O.'

OH, THAT'S SWEET. JUST THE KIND OF HOUSE BOB AND I WANT. ISN'T IT DEAR?

AND I GUESS I KNOW THE KIND OF SOAP YOU'LL WANT IN YOUR BATHROOM. EH, JEAN?

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP 'B.O.'

LIFEBOUY



CONFIDENCE

AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU!

Racing over the snowy slopes! The fresh keen air whipping her cheeks to vivid healthy colour. What a thrill! What confidence! Thousands of Australian women for over 25 years have had every confidence in genuine Vincent's A.P.C. The continued success of Vincent's A.P.C. is founded on its better-balanced formula. It is the only A.P.C. prepared to the original hospital prescription recommended by the medical profession as most effective for safe, sure relief of all nerve and muscular pain! Trust on genuine Vincent's A.P.C. it's the best that money can buy!



Genuine
VINCENT'S
A.P.C.
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY VINCENT'S

IN VICTORIA, SOUTH AUST.,
TASMANIA ask your Chemist for
Vincent's Powders & Tablets!

TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C. WITH CONFIDENCE
FOR 'FLU and COLDS, SORE THROAT, HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS



CASSOLETTES, hot from the oven, for luncheon or supper . . . fillings of creamed egg, celery, or minced meat seasoned with sauce and herbs and thatched with whipped potato.

Little hot pastries

● Created for hot luncheons, late afternoon parties or dinner entrees. Excellent ideas for extending savory left-overs or making luxury titbits like oysters, mushrooms or asparagus go a long way.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

OPEN patty shells or cassolettes are made from plain short pastry or one of its varieties, such as a cheese pastry, peanut butter, or anchovy pastry.

These can be tiny cases suitable for cocktail savories or hearties designed for luncheon or dinner plate.

This type of patty holds a satisfying amount of filling.

The shells can be made and stored for weeks in an airtight tin, being filled and heated as required.

Little double-crust pies are usually made from flaky or rough puff pastry, and served at once. Short pastry may be used.

Savory pastry rolls can be quickly made, and are easily reheated. Short or flaky pastry may be used.

Puff pastry requires equal quantities of butter and flour, and is seldom made these days. Bouchees and vol-au-vent are out for the duration.

All pastries require cold ingredients, as little handling as possible in the mixing, and a hot oven for baking.

Half a pound of flour mixed into plain short pastry makes a double-crust 8 in. pie, 2 open pie-shells (8 in.), or about 1½ dozen patty-shells or about 9 little double-crust pies.

CREAM CHEESE PASTRY

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3oz. shortening (butter, margarine, or dripping), 4oz. cream cheese.

Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in butter, add cheese, and mix to dry dough, using 1 or 2 tablespoons water if necessary. Roll thinly and cut as required.

SAVORY CHEESE PASTRY

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. dripping, 2oz. sharply flavored grated cheese, squeeze lemon juice, about 1-3rd cup water.

Sift flour, salt, pepper, baking powder. Rub in dripping, add cheese and mix to a dry dough with lemon juice and water.

PEANUT BUTTER PASTRY

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, good dash pepper, 4oz. dripping, 2 tablespoons peanut butter, 2 or 3 tablespoons water.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and pepper. Rub in dripping and peanut butter. Mix to a dry dough with little water.

POTATO-THATCHED MEAT PIES

Shortcrust pastry (½ lb. flour), 1 tin camp pie, 1 cup tomato sauce, 1 cup chopped cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ lb. potatoes, chopped parsley.

Boil potatoes until tender, whip until creamy, seasoning with a little butter, milk, pepper, and a few drops of onion juice. Remove fat from meat. Pound meat with tomato sauce, celery, onion, and salt, and heat thoroughly. Line patty-tins with rolled pastry, glaze with milk, and bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for about 10 minutes, until crisp and lightly browned. Fill with hot meat mixture and top with potato. Return to oven for 5 minutes and then dust with powdered parsley or paprika.

LITTLE SEASONED CHICKEN PIES

Cream cheese pastry (½ lb. flour), 2 cups minced chicken or rabbit, 1 cup white sauce or brown gravy, about 1 cup bread seasoning (cooked), 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Line patty-tins with half pastry. Combine chicken, sauce, chopped bread seasoning, onion, and parsley. Pile into pastry-cases, moisten edge of pastry and top with remaining pastry. Glaze with milk and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) about 20 minutes. Serve hot. Delicious with sautéed mushrooms, hot pineapple, fried potatoes, and green salad.

DOUBLE-CRUST LIVER AND BACON PIES

Shortcrust or savory cheese pastry (½ lb. flour), ½ lb. cooked lamb's liver, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2oz. bacon or ham, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, about 1 cup brown gravy, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Line patty-tins with half pastry. Combine liver, chopped eggs, chopped bacon, onion, gravy, and sauce; season further to taste. Spoon into lined patty-cases, moisten pastry edge, and cover with remaining rolled pastry. Brush with milk or beaten egg and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) about 20 minutes. Serve very hot.

CASSOLETTES OF CREAMED EGG AND CELERY

Cheese pastry (½ lb. flour), 2 cups white sauce, 1 cup chopped cooked celery, 6 hard-boiled eggs, powdered parsley or paprika.

Line patty-tins with the rolled pastry. Bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) until crisp and brown, 10 to 15 minutes. Reheat, or while hot fill with sauce to which celery, quartered eggs, and seasoning to taste have been added. One of the hard-boiled egg-yolks may be kept back, sieved, and sprinkled on top of filling as a garnish. Dust further if liked with paprika or powdered parsley. Serve very hot.

CREAMED CORN PIES WITH BACON

Short pastry (½ lb. flour), 2 cups cooked corn stripped from cob, 1 cup white sauce, ½ lb. bacon rashers.

Line patty-tins with pastry and bake. Combine corn and sauce and season to taste. Pile hot pastry-cases with hot filling and top each pie with crisp curl of bacon. Serve hot. Sautéed mushrooms are a delicious combination with the corn. If bacon not available, top with grated cheese, and brown.

CREAMED FISH-AND-EGG PIES

Shortcrust or cheese pastry (½ lb. flour), about ½ lb. salted fish such as haddock, cod, or barracouta, 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs, squeeze of lemon juice, pepper, 2 cups white sauce, parsley.

Line patty-tins with pastry and bake in a hot oven (450deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Poach salted fish in simmering water until white, flaky, and tender. Drain and flake, removing dark skin and bones. Combine fish, chopped egg, sauce, and lemon juice. Add pepper to taste. Pile hot filling into hot pastry-cases and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

WINDSOR LAMB PIES

Shortcrust pastry (½ lb. flour), ½ lb. tender cooked lamb, 3oz. ham, 1 onion (parboiled), 1 teaspoon dried herbs, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint stock.

Roll pastry to thin sheet and line patty-tins with half pastry. Mince lamb, ham, and onion; add herbs, salt, pepper, flour, and stock. Spoon meat mixture into lined patty-tins. Cover with remaining pastry. Glaze with little milk or beaten egg and bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 20 minutes.

CAN YOU MAKE A WELSH RAREBIT?

YOU most likely have your own special method. Some of you use onion, some despite it. Some say it must have a soupcon of sage, some deny it.

In the good old days a dash of beer into the pan or a splash of hot beer on the toast was considered indispensable.

There are those who say it can only be made from a good cheddar; others champion the hard Dutch cheeses for this creamy savory lusciousness.

Those of you who are still in the experimental stage try this recipe:

Half pound coarsely grated cheddar cheese, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, pinch of cayenne pepper, 1

teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup milk, 4 slices hot buttered toast.

Place cheese, mustard, butter, flour, pepper, and sauce in a pan over boiling water. Gradually stir in hot milk. Cook over boiling water until the cheese is melted, stirring constantly. Pour on toast and lightly brown under red-hot grill. Serve at once.

Variations:

Use 1 cup tomato purée in place of milk.

Add 1 cup chopped green and red capsicum to the melted cheese.

Serve topped with crisp bacon curls.

Spread toast thickly with pounded anchovies before pouring on rarebit.

Cover toast with flaked, cooked, salted fish before pouring on rarebit.

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Hansen's discovery of the marvels of rennet in 1875 led to the production of Junket, acclaimed through the years as the ideal milk dish, acceptable to all palates and all ages, and providing milk in its most easily assimilated form. Stronger in rennet, one British Hansen Tablet makes TWO pints of quick-setting, delicious Junket your family will hail as the perfect dessert. Order HANSEN'S

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STRAIGHT from the oven to the table... golden pastry, as light as a feather—a pie perfectly cooked and attractively enthroned on a glistening Pyrex dish... that's pie as it **SHOULD** be! Wise housewives are using more and more Pyrex for cooking... it's economical... it's time and labour saving... it's modern! No need to wait any longer before beginning to equip your kitchen with this eye-pleasing, long-lasting and infinitely useful ovenware which is tableware as well.

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Recipes with a difference

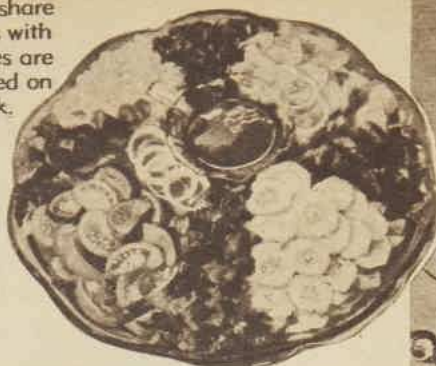
● Be neighborly and share your latest recipe success with other readers. Cash prizes are awarded to recipes printed on this page each week.

NEW twists to old favorites are always interesting. Rabbit and ham are delicious in stuffed marrow; golden crumb pie is a crisp, crumbly version of the universally popular treacle tart.

RABBIT IN A LOG

One fairly large green vegetable marrow, 1 rabbit, 1lb. cooked ham, 1 cup dried breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, pinch thyme, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon butter, about 1 cup thick white sauce or left-over gravy. Simmer rabbit in salted water for 1 hour. Strip meat from bones and chop finely. Chop ham and add to the sauce with the rabbit, breadcrumbs, butter, eggs, seasonings. Wipe marrow and cut a thick slice from one end to form a lid. Remove seeds and sprinkle inside of marrow with salt. Fill with the prepared mixture and replace end, securing with small skewers. Bake in slow oven in hot fat in a covered dish for 1½ to 2 hours. Lift log carefully on to a hot dish, slice, and serve each slice topped with a baked tomato half. Jacket potatoes pair well with this dish.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Le Mesurier, 62 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, Sydney.



BUFFET SALAD outlined with watercress... serrate cucumber with fork before slicing, slice tomatoes into even-sized wedges, curl wafer-thin carrot slices in iced water.

GOLDEN CRUMB PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust, 1 cup golden syrup, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon carb. soda dissolved in ½ cup boiling water, ½ cup flour, 2 tablespoons good clean fat or margarine, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ginger or ground cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup sugar.

Line an 8in. tart-plate with the shortcrust. Sift the flour, salt, and spices, rub in the fat, and add the sugar. Place a layer of this mixture in the tart-case, cover with some of the golden syrup, combined with the boiling water and soda, and the beaten egg-yolk. Continue with a layer of dry mixture and a layer of liquid mixture until tart-case is filled, finishing with a layer of crumbs. Place in a hot oven, 425 degrees, until the top begins to brown, reduce heat to moderate, and bake until firm, about 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Langdon, Pinescliffe, N.S.W.

CREAM OF SCALLOPS

Half a pound of scallops, 1 pint white sauce, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1oz. butter, a little lemon juice, parsley, 1 rather bacon.

Wash and trim the scallops, retaining the red portions, but discarding any discolored pieces. Chop the cooked bacon and the scallops

CHARACTER BUILDING

By SISTER MARY JACOB

DO you realise that your child's success or failure at school and throughout life depends upon the habits he or she has formed and the things learnt at home in the pre-school years?

The first step in building good character is the formation of good habits, and the time to begin forming these habits is as soon as a baby is born.

It is far easier to form good habits than to break bad ones.

For each good habit of sleeping, eating, and so on, there is the opposite bad habit. Either a baby forms the good habit of sleeping at regular times or the bad one of sleeping at irregular times.

Always remember that a baby's first two years are the most important of his life, as in that time he learns more than he will ever learn again in the same space of time and will have formed either good or bad habits.

A leaflet dealing with habit formation has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

Every Woman!

"Coverspot"
Conceals Blemishes



LUNCHEON SALAD... three honeydew melon halves with crisp lettuce-leaf bouquet... cottage cheese piled into one melon half, salad fruits arranged in others.

—U.S. Dept. of War Information photos.

der. Rub in the butter and mix to a firm dough with the milk. Turn on to a floured board, knead slightly. Pull into irregular pieces about the size of an egg. Put on to a well-greased soome tray and bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, 7 to 10 minutes. Delicious with cheese or served instead of bread with a hot dinner.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Korff, 14 King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

PULLED SCONES

Half pound self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 heaped teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 to 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, and curry powder.

"A good brush"

THE AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION announces:



"A good brush has a head no more than an inch long, medium hard bristles, only six tufts on a side."

Nylex toothbrushes offer you all these qualities, and, with their Nylon tufts, they are particularly long-lasting. Nylex are clean and hygienic to use because they are waterproof and anti-soggy. Available all chemists and stores — always insist on Nylex!

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In streets, in shops, The 'flu germs are around, In any place where there's a crowd They surely will be found, So guard against the germs of 'flu Be from them quite secure, And for a certain remedy use Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



Whole wheat contains Vitamins A,B,D,E, in addition to minerals, carbohydrates and Proteins. This goodness goes into crisp deliciously baked Vita-Weat, which is so readily digested because it is free from all unconverted starch. For good health and true enjoyment in eating, make Vita-Weat your daily crispbread!

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ASTIGMATISM, SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, SQUINT, UNABLE TO STAND SUNSHINE, EYE HEADACHES, WATERY OR WEAK EYES, TIRED EYES, or any other eye weakness (except diseased eyes), clip this advertisement and pin it to a sheet of paper upon which you have written your name and address and the eye trouble from which you are suffering, post to me together with a 2d. stamped, addressed envelope, and I will tell you by return how KENT-REIDY (new improved) Method of Eye Exercises can bring your eyes back to normal sight in a comparatively short time, without wearing glasses. Address to Secretary, KENT-REIDY (new improved) METHOD OF EYE EXERCISES, Woodstock Chambers, 88 Pitt Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.—K.R.8

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others. Price, 2/- per box. Midene is for several months.

MIDENE



Men would like to know you better, Mary, if you guard your charm with MUM!

Underarm odour offenders are just out of luck. Play safe by preventing danger to charm. Use MUM after every bath.

MUM is quick—takes only 30 seconds to smooth on, no fuss, no inconvenience. MUM is safe—safe for your skin; can be used right after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, too. MUM won't injure even the finest fabrics.

MUM is sure—MUM prevents underarm odour without stopping perspiration. The minute you use MUM, it starts working for charm!



MUM
TAKES THE ODOUR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THE sound of the dishes and silver was loud in the little room, and then it was silent again and his mother said, "I was thinking about Nora. I was wondering if people would—"

Nora Marin cut in quickly, "Oh, but Mother Carr! This will all be forgotten in no time."

His mother sighed, "I don't know what makes me talk like that," she said, her voice contrite. "I'm sorry, Denny. It's the inquiry, I guess. Your father was in the police force thirty years and he never had to go through an inquiry, and I guess it frightened me."

Denny held himself tightly and, not trusting himself to speak at all, went out and down the stairs and along the street, blindly, cold all over. He got his cigarettes and went round the block and into a bar where the bartender served him without comment, and he tried to drink and found he had no taste for whisky.

The things his mother said—and had not said, but implied—still rang loud and clear in his ears, and he stared straight ahead realising now that of these things one had occurred to him before in the past two days. He had closed his mind against it then, but now, in his despair, he brought it into focus and examined it.

He was Killer Carr and Nora—"Mrs. Killer Carr," he thought. "And some day it might be Killer Carr's son, or daughter."

And it seemed to him now that his mother's fears were right, that it was a name no man could give to the woman he loved.

He did not know his snow was black and morose as he surveyed the

Alias The Killer

Continued from page 7

row of customers; all he knew was that they seemed to look at him with awe and uncertainty and had, in some way, moved back along the bar so that he stood alone. He stared at them and the room was still, and then, because the torment in his mind was getting worse, he turned abruptly and went out.

His mother and Nora were in the living-room when he got back home. He sat down opposite Nora, screwing up his courage to tell her now, right here in front of his mother, that it would be better to break their engagement. He groped for words with which to phrase his twisted thoughts, and looked into her eyes and saw then that there was no doubt in them. Instead, he saw her smile, and his determination oozed away.

"Do you want to go somewhere?" he asked.

Nora stood up and touched his shoulder. "There's a good film at the Bijou," she said.

He got his hat, grateful for the suggestion. It would be dark in the Bijou. No one could see his face and he wouldn't have to talk.

Denny Carr made up his mind about one thing in the sleepless night that followed, and when he reported for duty the following day he left his gun at home. He might have gone round like this indefin-



"Silly dog!"

itely if Captain Hague had not called him into his office two days later and asked to see it.

Denny colored. He said he had forgotten the gun.

"Go home and get it," Hague said. "And see that you carry it." He hesitated, then accented his words: "And if I were you, I'd quit worrying about Leo Aranson and start thinking about Nate."

Denny Carr had been doing both. He had let it be known where it would do the most good that he would look with approval on any information as to the whereabouts of Nate Aranson and the third man who was with him that night in the River Street tavern. And though he did not get what he wanted, word came back to him by devious ways that Nate Aranson, in his own fashion, was looking for Denny Carr.

Not until Saturday night did Denny see Nora, and then, because this was a date planned long ago, they went out to dinner. Nothing about Nora had changed; she kissed him when she opened the door and sat close to him in the coupe.

Gradually the pressure round his heart melted away. The thing he feared most did not happen. On the street and in the hotel he saw people he knew, but no one called him Killer in front of Nora. Afterward at the night-club no one spoke to him, and they got a table along the wall, and when the lights dimmed and a girl came out on the floor to sing, Nora's hand stole into his. Feeling her beside him, the warm softness of her hand, he knew how much he had missed her and was for a little while content.

He paid no attention to the master of ceremonies who came on after the

anger. Vaguely he heard the fellow introduce some celebrity and saw a man rise and bow from a table across the room; then the spotlight swivelled back to the m.c. Denny was watching Nora and liking what he saw, and he did not hear what the fellow said until the spotlight suddenly struck him in the face. Then, as though from a great distance, he heard his own name and something that sounded like: "—hero of the Italian campaign and our own police department... intrepid, fearless, and a bad man to cross—Killer Carr! There he is, folks, with the lovely little lady in yellow. Stand up, Killer. Take a bow."

The m.c. was clapping loudly. A half-hearted ripple of applause could not sustain itself.

Denny was suddenly shaken and sick inside and the perspiration came quick and cold. Nora took his hand and said, "Why, Denny," and somehow he helped her with her coat and got the check paid and went stumbling out of the room.

It was better in the car. He could breathe again and it was good to drive and hold the wheel hard in his hands. Finally he stopped in front of Nora's house and turned off the ignition. Then he said what he had to say: that it was no good going on this way, that what happened to-night was just a sample of what she could expect when she went out with him.

"Denny," Nora put her hand on his arm and her voice was soft. "When you shot Leo Aranson he had a gun, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And those Germans," Nora said. "Has that ever been on your conscience?"

"No."

"Have you ever felt that you were a killer? That something inside you was different? How did you feel, that afternoon in Italy?"

"I didn't feel any different afterward," he said. "I didn't feel anything much at the time, nothing like what you're talking about, anyway. I was just another guy with an M-1 and some grenades and a Browning I'd got from a guy who didn't need it any more."

"Yes," she said. "I knew it must be like that. It hasn't hurt you, except maybe for a little while and—"

"It'll hurt you," Denny said, and now the hardness was in his voice and in his chest. "It's tough enough for a girl to marry a cop and worry about him, without having to defend him all the time. You know you'll be if you marry me, don't you?"

"But, Denny—"

"Killer Carr's wife, that's who you'll be! Well, I say it's no good. There isn't going to be any wedding next month. Maybe, if I ever find Nate Aranson—"

Please turn to page 39

NO REST DAY OR NIGHT FROM PAIN OF NEURITIS



A CRIPPLE—BUT FOR R.U.R., says husband...

Some amazing cases of health restored have resulted from taking R.U.R. This safe, simple treatment stimulates the liver and kidneys to healthy activity. It restores normal

functions to all eliminative organs... clears the system of excess uric acid and from other poisonous wastes due to intestinal stasis.

No wonder people write as does Mrs. D. E. Rowe, 15 Griffiths St., Camberbury, N.S.W., who says:—

"I had Neuritis in the knees and in one arm from the back of the neck in the tips of two fingers, the fingers having no feeling in them. I could not get rest night or day. I could not do my household duties. One day I said I will try some R.U.R. I use on the second bottle before I felt the real benefit of it—though I got more rest after taking a few doses—and then I felt the pain gradually go from my neck down a little more each day, and by the time I had finished another bottle it had gone. My husband said this morning that he believes that I would have been a cripple now but for R.U.R."

What R.U.R. has done for Mrs. Rowe and many others it can do for you. Take R.U.R. regularly for a while. Money back guaranteed full treatment, 7/6. Smaller size, 4/- Obtainable at all chemists and stores.

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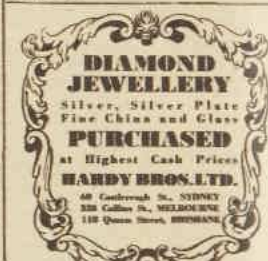
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When people, generally, understand that many diseases almost invariably begin in a simple case of Piles, they will learn the wisdom of taking prompt treatment for the first appearance of this trouble. DOAN'S OINTMENT is unequalled for every form of Piles—Bleeding, Itching, Protruding, and Blind Piles, and hundreds of lives have been saved by using this cheap but effective remedy right from the start, because at such times a single tin has often effected a cure, while in the old deep-seated, chronic cases, several tins are sometimes necessary.

Doan's OINTMENT is healing, antiseptic, and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming Eczema and other skin complaints. But be sure you get DOAN'S.





The **NEW COATS** are in!

HANGING-BASKET GLORY...

● For porch, verandah, or bushhouse, hanging baskets are highly ornamental, and a delight when well grown.

—Says Our Home Gardener

THEY need shade and are most likely to thrive in regions of cool, humid summers, or else in a glasshouse, but with care can be made to flourish almost anywhere in Australia.

Ferns such as *davallias*, *nephrolepis*, *pteris*, *adiantums*, bird's nest, lace ferns, and plants such as *asparagoides*, trailing *begonias*, *achimenes*, *gesneras*, many succulents, *lobelias*, *commelinas*, *nolanas*, *gentians*, and *linaria cymbalaria* are some of the most useful and decorative for basketing.

Variegated *vinca*, if kept free of white wax scale, makes a particularly fine basket subject, as its green and cream leaves are often accompanied by small purple-blue flowers. It spills particularly well when hung high in the bushhouse.

One of the chief troubles found by



TWO BEAUTIFUL FERN BASKETS from the bushhouse. They include *nephrolepis* and *davallia*, and will last for years if kept moist and given some weak liquid manure regularly.

amateurs is to retain the soil or compost in such a way, in wire baskets, that the plants will flourish. The unfortunate habit of bark to buckle and perish when used to line wire baskets can be largely overcome by using a thick mass of sphagnum moss instead.

If the moss is soaked in water for half an hour and then squeezed well to expel the surplus moisture, it can be handled with ease. A 1½ in. lining for the sides, with 2 in. at the bottom, will last for many years, and retain every drop of water that falls into the basket. It will, in addition, keep the plants in good condition, and as the inside layer decays feed the ferns and plants.

One method of making up hanging baskets is to use an erect type of plant for the middle, say, a maiden-hair fern or bird's-nest fern, rex

begonias or clump of *lobelia*, and to set trailing plants all round so that they spill over and downwards.

Even bulbs of some sorts can be used in baskets, holes being made in the moss or bark to permit them to grow through and downwards. The *achimenes* and *gesneras* are particularly useful for this method.

Many of the beautiful and more robust types of moss can also be used in baskets, and some of the smaller vines or trailing plants.

The trailing *mesembryanthemums*, obtainable in white, pink, red, bronze, purple, and yellow, are ideal subjects for baskets hanging in the sun, and provided they are not forgotten during hot weather will flower for many weeks of the year.

New Sparkle and Energy

You can snap your fingers at war strain, business worry or family cares, and regain your normal sparkle and energy quickly and easily. There's a remedy for this depressed, worn-out feeling... WINCARNIS, the delicious tonic wine that has brought back health to thousands of people and received over 26,000 recommendations from medical men. WINCARNIS is rich in fortifying vitamins blended with strengthening wine. The very first sip shoots vigour into your nerves and brain—and puts you on your toes right away. WINCARNIS stimulates and strengthens your whole body and builds up your exhausted system. Give yourself a chance—reach out and open a new and brighter chapter in your life—ask your chemist for WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic."

FOR THAT
COLD OF YOURS
take
Y-COUGH
THE QUICK-ACTING
REMEDY

1/9 AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Right foods are best tonic

● Good eating in later life can never make up for defects of nourishment in a child's earliest years.

By MEDICO

"I'M not happy about my Johnny," said Mrs. Peters. "He seems tired and listless. I give him all sorts of tonic foods, too," she added.

Six-year-old Johnny, in his first year at school, sat on his mother's knee, taking little interest in his surroundings. He was a little pale, his eyes were dull, and his weight seemed below standard.

"What sorts of foods are you giving him?" I asked.

"Oh, well, the usual," she said evasively, "but I give him malt and cod liver oil every day. That should strengthen him," said Mrs. Peters.

"Cod liver oil is a good source of

Vitamin A, but in this country the dairy products such as milk and cheese, also the colored vegetables such as tomatoes, will give him all the Vitamin A he requires, and other valuable nutrients as well. They are a much better food bargain, too."

"When there's enough fresh milk I give him a glassful every night," said Mrs. Peters. "But I have my doubts about powdered milk."

"Powdered whole milk, or even skimmed milk, is a valuable food," I replied.

"Can you give me a list of the foods he needs every day?" she asked.

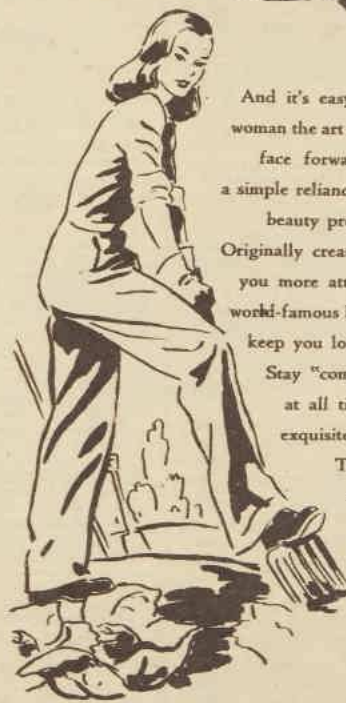
"That's easy," I replied. "One and a half pints of milk, pasteurised or powdered, every day. An orange or three tomatoes, a large plate of wheatmeal or oatmeal porridge every morning for breakfast. Three ounces of meat, six ounces of potatoes, six ounces of vegetables, six ounces of wheatmeal bread, half an ounce each of cheese and dripping every day, and a plate of pea soup and a serving of lamb's fry twice a week will give him more than everything that any so-called tonic food could give him, and at a lower cost than you are paying now."

"No amount of good feeding in later life can make up for defects of nourishment in the growing years. One doesn't spend money on the right foods for growing children, one invests it in the most human capital we have."

Don't Endure Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop or slip when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed a minute longer. FASTEETH, a new powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps teeth firm. Gives fine feeling of security and comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist.

Put your Best Face Forward



And it's easy! For many a woman the art of putting her best face forward in wartime is a simple reliance upon Yardley beauty preparations. Originally created to make you more attractive, Yardley's world-famous English Cosmetics keep you looking that way. Stay "complexion-perfect" at all times with exquisite Yardley products.

They're light as swansdown and fragrant as flowers.



"Bad Street" Complexion Powder, 4/4.
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Yardley Lipstick, 3/5.
Yardley Lavender, 2/5 to 17/3.
Lavender Soap, large tablets, 1/10.



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If your dog's coat is dull or loose—
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BARKO Scratching is often a sign
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1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

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Sparva supplies from Britain's best-
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Less than Three Cigarettes



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Less than Half a Glass of Beer



Less than a Bar of Chocolate



Less than an Ice Cream

THIS IS HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

Diagram 1 shows the villi—small sucker-like protuberances in the upper intestine which absorb Lantigen and carry it into the system. Diagrams 2 and 3 show germs being engulfed and destroyed by a white corpuscle stimulated by Lantigen. The five illustrations below show—B. Pneumoniae, Streptococci, Pneumococci, B. Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis—organisms which cause catarrh and bronchitis. Streptococci are also responsible for germ-caused rheumatic pains.



IMPORTANT BRITISH MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Micro Organisms Dissolved

In the case of chronic diseases such as catarrh, rheumatism and septic conditions, the poisons in the system use up or destroy most of the hydrotopins or dissolving substances in the body. Unless these dissolving substances are present in sufficient quantity the organisms in an ordinary vaccine cannot be brought into solution. Therefore the ordinary vaccine, whether taken by mouth or by injection, is rendered either partially or totally ineffective. The reason is that the antigenic fluid is not released from the bodies of the organisms—thus there results a failure to produce the necessary anti-bodies to destroy the germ poisons or to kill the germs.

Lantigen is an oral vaccine in a dissolved state and begins to operate and produce anti-bodies immediately it is taken.

It therefore gives increased natural anti-body resistance to disease. You would not develop catarrhal conditions if this "anti-body" resistance was strong enough to overcome them. Lantigen removes the cause of lowered resistance which saps your vitality and that is why it succeeds.

Do a good deed—cut out this advertisement and send it to a fellow sufferer.

READ THESE PERSONAL WRITTEN TESTIMONIES BY LANTIGEN USERS

29 Years with Bronchial Catarrh, Now Well
Miss B. Lane, of 12 Kable Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My mother has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough which in turn caused her eyes to run with tears and at times nearly choked her. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly choked with coughing and she didn't go where there was any cigarette smoke."

Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B' and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement.
Baby Freed from Bronchitis
"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby's ten of terrible attacks of bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing and bringing up the mucus. This

and humiliation of nose stoppages, mucus and phlegm, head noises, catarrhal deafness, bronchial asthma, bronchitis, antrum, sinus, and other respiratory tract infections.

CATARRH

Catarrh is caused by germs. Usually the first infection is due to the neglect of a simple cold. This becomes stubborn and protracted. The excretions which are dislodged by blowing the nose often fall back into the throat, infect the tonsils and result in acute laryngitis and inflammation. Lantigen 'B', dissolved oral vaccine, offers an effective treatment for sufferers from catarrh. The distressing effects of the complaint are greatly reduced and replaced by a feeling of well-being. Lantigen 'B' works well. It is a dissolved oral vaccine.

WHAT IS LANTIGEN?

Lantigen is not a patent medicine and is devoid of drugs altogether. Lantigen is a dissolved oral vaccine prepared to counteract the effect of the particular organisms which are peculiar to the diseases requiring

treatment. Lantigen contains no live germs. The organisms from which it is produced are destroyed by dissolving them, thus releasing the antigens therein—the natural antidote.

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," Dr. Cronin Lowe says: "In my experience the oral antigens (or vaccines) have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

Ask your chemist for Lantigen 'B' to-day

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney

1/1- PER BOTTLE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS' TREATMENT—LESS THAN 3d. PER DAY

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LANTIGEN 'B' TO-DAY

LANTIGEN 'B'
TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES

children who suffer from bronchitis get to know just how really good your Lantigen 'B' is."—Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Qld.
Marvellous Treatment for Catarrh
Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

WE MUST BEAT THE JAP

SUBSCRIBE IN ADVANCE TO THE 4th VICTORY LOAN

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant

At all chemists and grocers selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

2/- jar **ARRID**

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No Excuse for Cutting Corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frostol-lee, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Frostol-lee, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frostol-lee is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucally has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 30 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Pooled to plain wrapper.

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NORA

cut in abruptly, and now there was in her voice a stiffness and restraint worse than anger: "If you don't mind, Denny, I'd rather not talk about it."

She reached for the car door and he started to reach for her, but caught himself in time. He sat still, hearing her say, "I'm too tired to argue, Denny. Good-night—and thanks for the lovely evening." He watched her get out and go up the steps. He saw the door close on her, and he could bear the ache inside him now because this way was the best; this was, after all, what he had to do.

Denny Carr said nothing of this to his mother, but it was a strain, and he was glad when, two days later, a call came from her sister who was sick and wanted his mother to stay with her a few days.

He came home shortly before six that night and got rid of his gun and cleaned up, and then took his mother to the bus station. He ate alone in a place where no one was likely to know him, and came home just after nine.

It was a warm evening, and the door of the house—an old brick house that had been converted into apartments—stood open. Denny went up the steps and through the vestibule, and as he stepped through the open inner doorway the man moved out from behind the stairs that lay against the left wall twenty feet ahead.

He was a burly, thick-necked man, and his name was Eddie Rocco, and there was a snub-nosed gun in his big hand. And in that first instant, Denny Carr saw that even had he been carrying his own gun he would have no chance to use it. He took a slow step, seeing now that Nate Aranson had followed Rocco from behind the stairs; then waited for them, tensed, alert, resentful.

Nate Aranson spoke once to Rocco and came close, holding the gun steady while the big man slapped Denny's pockets and stepped back.

"No gun, huh?" Aranson said. "And your old lady's out, ain't she? So let's go upstairs and get it. I'm gonna let you have it with the same gun you used on Leo, copper."

Denny Carr looked at Rocco, keeping an eye on Aranson's gun. He said, "You were with him the other night, Rocco," and as he spoke he lunged sideways and grabbed for Aranson's hand.

He got the hand as the gun went off. He kept moving, holding the gun hand, and reached for Aranson with his left. Rocco fired from four feet away, and Denny's arm was up

Alias The Killer

Continued from page 36

and the bullet slammed high up under the arm, and he felt the numbing shock in his chest.

It did not stop him. He had the front of Aranson's coat in his left now, and he yanked and pivoted, spinning the other in front of him as he twisted at the gun. Rocco's gun hammered again. And again Denny felt the impact of the slug, not in his own body this time, but in the frame of Nate Aranson.

Rocco was not a very good shot, or maybe, it was like the night when Denny had aimed at an arm only to have his man duck aside at the wrong instant. And Rocco saw what he had done, for Aranson, with Rocco's bullet in him, cried out and stiffened before he started to sag.

Denny held him and twisted the gun free. Rocco saw this, and now Rocco had had enough. He spun and leaped through the doorway and through the vestibule, and down the steps.

Denny let go of Nate Aranson and stepped round him. He ran to the outer doorway and stopped there. Rocco was in the street now, running, firing once over his shoulder in a shot that went wide. Denny snapped up Aranson's gun, and, not thinking, aimed low and fired. Rocco took one more running step and fell on his face as though one leg had been cut from under him, his gun spinning across the pavement.

Two men, passing on the opposite side of the street, stopped to watch, and Denny called to them. He told them to get the gun and watch Rocco. He went back into the hall and told the assembled wide-eyed tenants to phone the police and to clear out of the hall.

He thought about his own gun then, and wondered if, in spite of the spreading numbness in his chest, he could walk upstairs and get it. Cap Hague would bawl him out for not carrying it, but right now he could not seem to care much. He sat down on the steps and watched Aranson and fought against a giddiness that was getting worse.

They gave Denny Carr some pills after they'd finished cleaning the wound, and he slept a long time. It was mid-afternoon when he finally awoke, and when he glanced about he saw Tom Linehan sitting there grinning at him.

"How do you feel?" "Feel fine," Denny said. "What about Rocco and Aranson?"

"Rocco's going to be limping for a long time. That shot of yours smashed his knee. And Aranson'll be okay. Right now he's talking plenty. The gun you took away from him is the one that killed McCarthy, the cop, in that liquor-store break."

Denny stared. "What?" he said, a little slow at figuring.

Linehan nodded. "It was the gun Leo Aranson pulled on you that night, Nate says so. He has to say so, and I think he's telling the truth. It's like this: After you shot Leo you chased Rocco and Nate, but it was Rocco you really chased because Nate hid just outside the door and you didn't see him. When you went after Rocco he ducked back into the room. Leo was alive, and didn't think that he was going to die, and he had to get rid of this gun that killed McCarthy, so Nate took it and legged it down the alley the other way. When you got back there wasn't any gun."

McQuillen came in shortly after Linehan left. He had a paper in his hand, and passed it to Denny. In it was a story that told of the shooting and spoke not of Killer Carr, but of Detective Dennis Carr.

"You're lucky," McQuillen said. Denny agreed. He said the doc told him if the bullet had been lower, and to the left a little, it would have been curtains.

"That isn't what I meant," McQuillen said. "I mean having a girl like Nora Marin. She came in to see me a couple of days ago. She bawled me out, and she made a point I hadn't thought about before. She said I was making a mistake writing about 'Killer' Carr because she said in a way you represented every other guy who would come back." McQuillen paused. He seemed a

bit embarrassed. "She said all women will worry some about their men who come back, and I was making it worse by playing up the killing angle. Well, she's right, I guess, I hadn't thought about it before."

McQuillen had more to say along the same line, and when he left, Denny Carr lay there, humble but impatient, and watched the door until Nora came. Her cheeks were flushed with hurrying and her eyes were anxious.

"They said you were all right," she said. "They told me you'd sleep most of the day so—I went to work."

It was so wonderful to see her, to have her with him, that for a long moment he just looked at her and was content. "Come here," he said finally. "Give me a kiss."

She tipped her head and eyed him with amused severity. "I'm not sure I want to. I don't mind marrying a detective—if he's a good one—but I'm not sure I want to marry an idiot. You didn't have your gun last night."

He grinned. He did not bother to tell her that it would have done little good under the circumstances. He said, happily, "I shot him in the knee, Rocco, I mean."

She came to the bed, frowning. He knew she didn't understand, so he said:

"I didn't have to. When I came back I knew the war hadn't made a killer out of me, but after the publicity and the way people looked at me and called me Killer, I began to wonder if maybe I'd changed and didn't know it. But—well, if it had been a German—in Italy—I'd have shot him in the body, but I aimed at Rocco's leg, just automatically, without thinking, and that proves—"

Nora was on the bed, bending over him, her eyes moist and tender as she kissed him. "You goof," she whispered. "You sweet, stubborn goof. Don't you think I knew? But you just wouldn't let me tell you."

She had her cheek against his now, and he clung to her, his heart full and his eyes scratchy. He thought about the things she had said to McQuillen, how she had defended him to his mother, and he knew then that if every woman was just half as patient and understanding with her man as Nora had been with him, those who came back would have no trouble.

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De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralizes excess acid in the stomach. Soothes and protects the stomach lining helping to digest your food. Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day.

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